VOL. CCXXV, No. 2924
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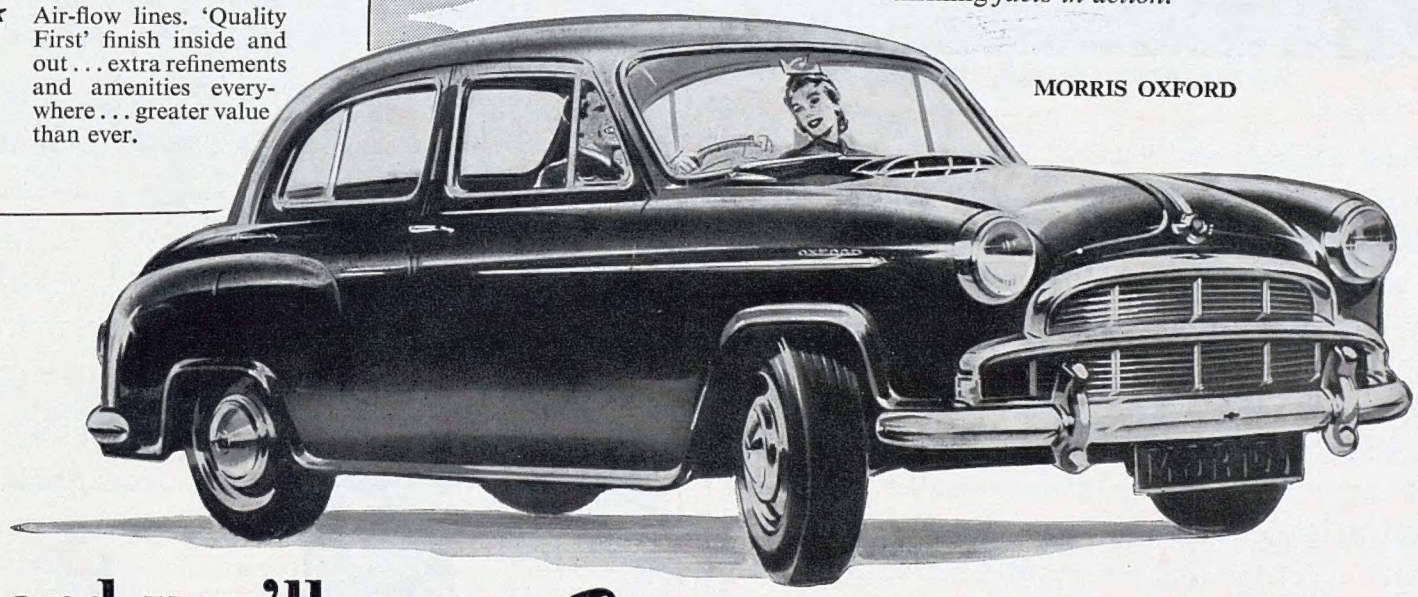

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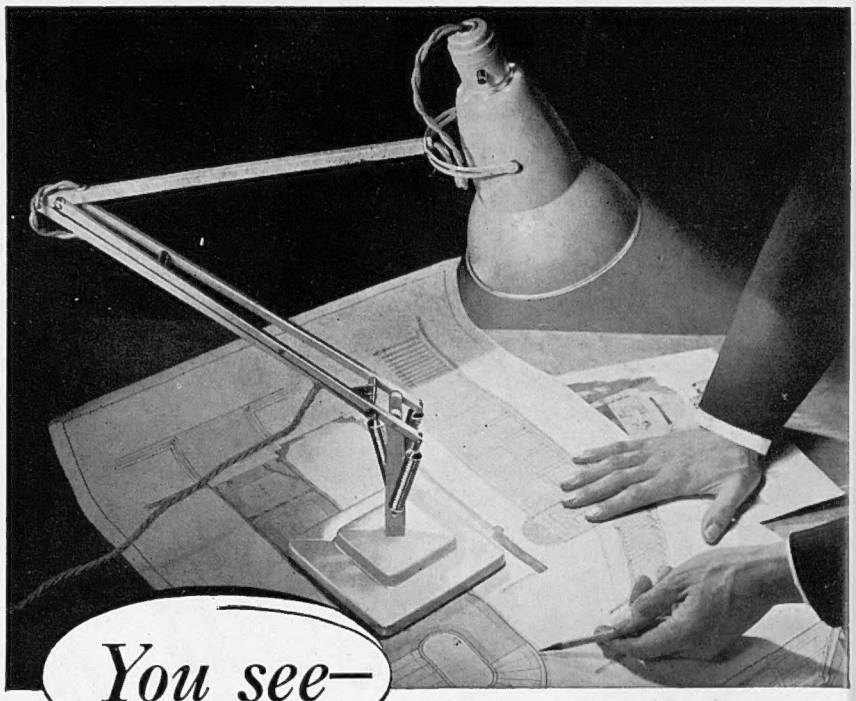

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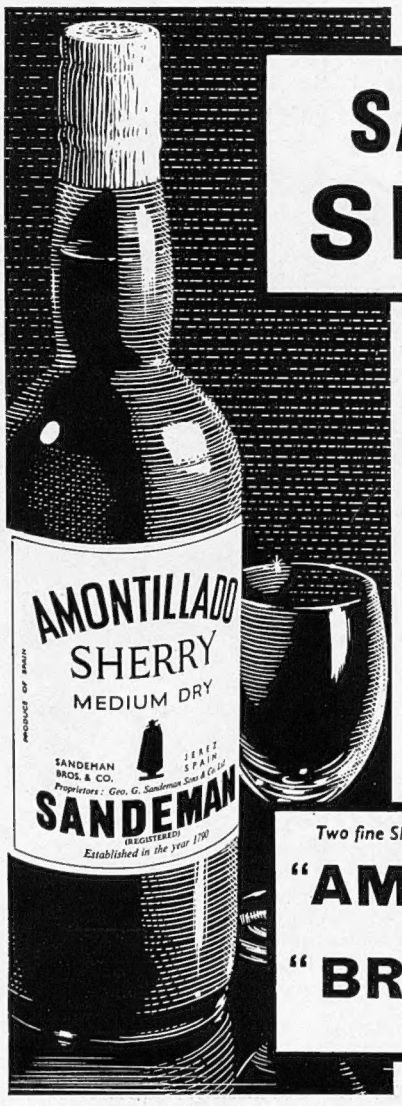

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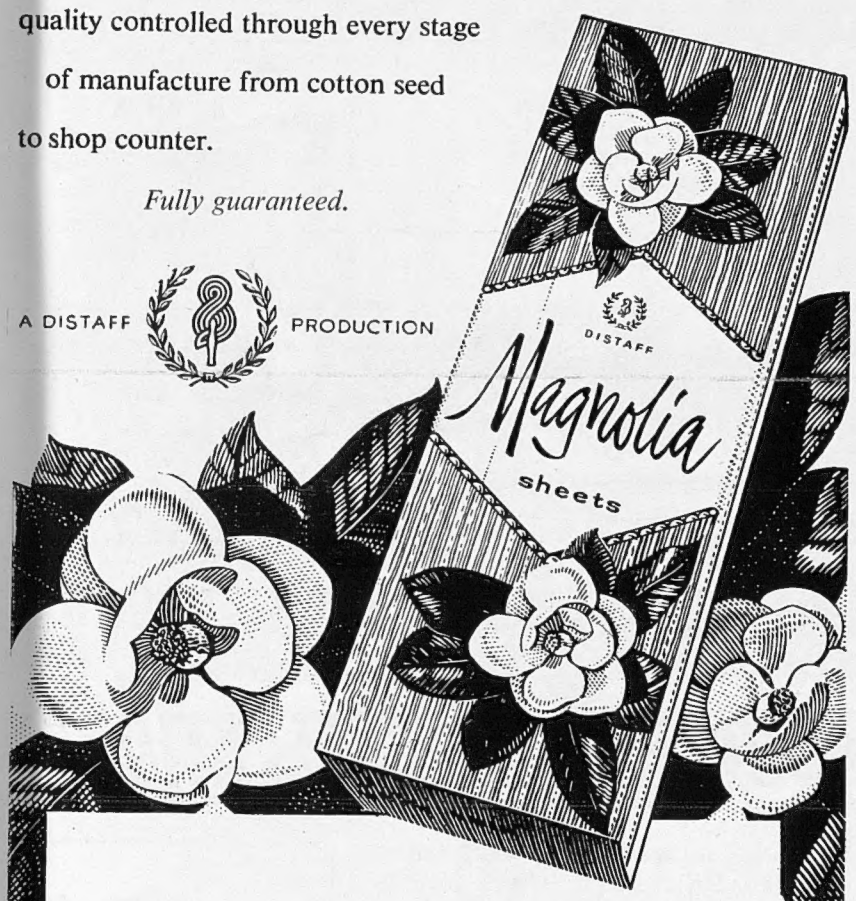

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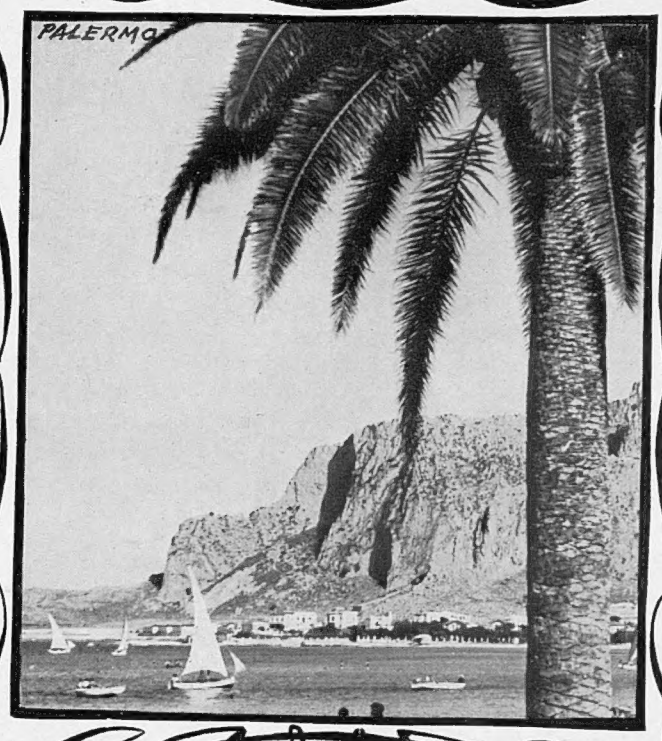

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TC9

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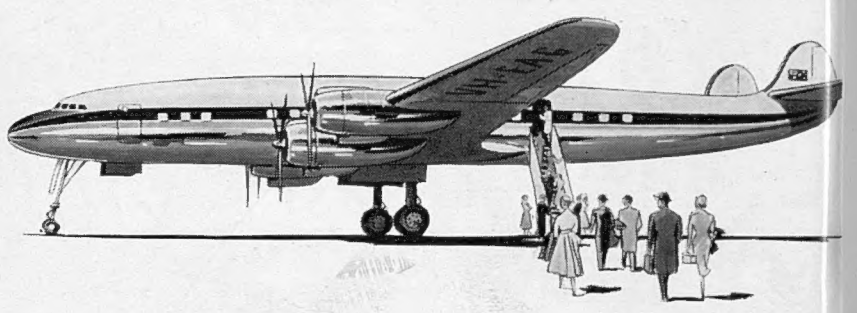

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Volume CCXXV No. 2924

The SPHERE, London, April 14, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

AN AMERICAN GUIDED MISSILE TAKES OFF—A "SNARK" IS LAUNCHED ON WHAT IS BELIEVED TO BE A RECORD-MAKING FLIGHT: Flames stream from its rocket boosters as it is shot up from its launching cradle at Patrick Air Force Base, in Florida. The "Snark" is reported to have travelled 2,000 miles across the Caribbean Sea out into the Central Atlantic, the longest flight ever made by a guided missile. The rocket boosters drop off when it is well launched and the missile, propelled at ultra-supersonic speed by the thrust of a powerful turbo-jet engine, is then directed by an advanced electronic automatic guidance system.

The Northrop intercontinental guided missile, officially classed as the SM-62 and known as the "Snark," is among the most up-to-date of the many guided missiles with which the United States is now experimenting. This picture is one of the first of it to be released on the test flight on which it probably established a record by flying some 2,000 miles. It is intended to search out a target several thousand miles away, and is said to be unaffected by bad weather or extremes of temperature. It is a surface-to-surface missile, and according to the picture a static base is required to launch it. Guided missiles are divided into eight types, from surface-to-surface to air-to-underwater, depending on their method of launching and the target they aim at. All of them have four main points in construction—the warhead (many can carry nuclear explosives); the direction unit (electronic controls); the power unit (either jet or rocket), and the launching apparatus (static base, mobile launcher, ship or aircraft). Britain, as well as America, is carrying out experiments with missiles, and the Soviet Union is not lagging behind in developing these weapons of the future.

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

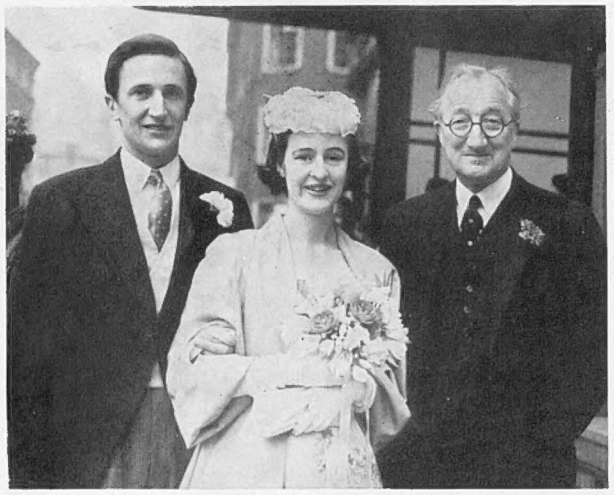
COMMEMORATING NEW ZEALANDERS

A ROLL OF HONOUR OF THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND ENGINEERS IS PLACED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: Lieut.-General Lord Freyberg, V.C., hands the Roll of Honour to the Dean of St. Paul's, the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews, during a service in the Cathedral's All Souls Chapel. The Roll of Honour contains 370 names of the Royal New Zealand Engineers who lost their lives in the Second World War.

AUSTRALIAN WEDDING IN LONDON

THE DAUGHTER OF THE AUSTRALIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER IS MARRIED AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Sir Thomas White accompanies his daughter, Lilian Deakin, to the Abbey's Henry VII chapel for her marriage with Professor John H. Bennett, of Malvern, Melbourne. The bride is wearing a gown of parchment-tinted wild silk in Empire style, with a train; her Brussels lace veil is held in place by a pearl coronet. She was attended by two pages, a matron of honour and a bridesmaid. After the ceremony, which was conducted by the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Alan C. Don, a reception was held at the official residence of the High Commissioner in Kensington. The bridal couple are both science graduates and former members of the staff of Melbourne University. They are to return to Australia to live at Adelaide, where Professor Bennett has been appointed to the Chair of Genetics at Adelaide University.

WEDDING RECEPTION AT THE LORDS



A. P. HERBERT'S SON MARRIES IN LONDON: Sir Alan is seen outside Caxton Hall after the marriage of his son, John, and the former Mrs. Gill Lazar. The bride is the daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. The reception was held at the House of Lords.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* : 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 : 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* : *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

April.—April, the poet's favourite month, is accustomed to entry in the motley of a Fool, but very rarely begins on Easter Sunday. Certainly it is usually a month which sets the fool's cap on many optimists and idealists, including poets. It wept no girlish tears on Easter Day and failed to advertise the charms of being "in England now." It was dull and Novemberish, except on Bank Holiday afternoon. But if April 1 is All Fools' Day, this year it clearly showed that the human race is not composed solely of fools. On the contrary, it showed that a considerable minority in the human race is still wise enough to recognise the importance of religion in civilised existence and the urgent need for an example and a revival of that vital article in a lawless, undisciplined and self-centred world. The churches were filled. The pilgrims were marching. The comfortable and lovely words were spoken and sung and listened to. In the powder magazine of Palestine, bitter political enemies stood side by side at the shrines of Christianity and agreed on a brief amnesty from hatred and bitterness, and the earthly things men set their hearts upon. These amnesties are annual and very brief. They occur each New Year's Day, each Easter Day, each Christmas Day—and soon enough, before the new page is fully-turned, it is blotted again with acid stains. Colonel Nasser and the King of the Hellenes lost no time at all. Even the Christians of a day in England are at each other's throats once more before the church decorations are stripped. Yet I often think the Easter amnesty has the best chance of lasting longest in England. That is the time when the bird-watcher takes out his glass in order to see more clearly. It is the season for the return of the chiff-chaff, the coming of the migrants, the building of nests, and I am comforted to note how the addiction to bird-watching is growing among our schoolboys. "Speak to the Earth and it shall teach thee." The birds at least concentrate on essentials and their aims are clean, clear, decent and, in the main, selfless. There is nothing muddled or muddy in their reasoning and their objectives. They do but obey the laws of God and Nature.

Last Things First.—But in England there was no prolongation of the amnesty. The headlines on Tuesday were blazing the arrangements for our next atom bomb tests, which certainly do not obey the laws of God and very doubtfully the laws of Nature. I wonder how a referendum in this country to-day would work out on the issue "To test or not to test." It is perfectly clear that all nations pursue the filthy business with doubt and dislike. All the major Powers have signified a wish to finish with them and have put forward proposals which grow a little more workable. It is my belief that the issue needs only the example of one Power for a solution, and I firmly believe that if the British public were to-day given the chance, they would demand that Britain should provide that example. They would accept the risk, would argue that the risk of finding their country behind in the race for perfection of the atom bomb is no greater, and perhaps less, than the risk of perfection. For all countries are agreed that perfection is merely perfect assurance of universal destruction. Meanwhile the road to perfection is getting us nowhere except to bankruptcy, stalemate and eternal imprisonment in the glacier of the Cold War. The truth is, of course, that in every country to-day leaders are more panic-stricken than their peoples. The leaders feel their responsibility to their nations, must "play for safety" (if the phrase were not absurd) to make themselves right with posterity. And all this is getting us nowhere. The atom bomb is not for use in the powder magazine of the Middle East, at least until it has touched off the final world war. You and I can hardly fail to see in the Middle East crisis a more urgent problem and to observe an increasing divergence of view concerning it among the Powers which alone can control it. Sir Anthony Eden has sent an S O S to the President to try to secure a common policy. You and I are agreed that something is needed to improve the world atmosphere and doubt whether atom tests are the best purifier. In putting last things first, our leaders seem to us to reveal a hopeless confession of failure and to short-circuit the stages which lead us to the final world war.

Call in the Snipers.—I agree in the main, of course, with those who deplore the constant sniping at the Premier and Cabinet. Fair criticism is one of those useful correctives which politicians publicly welcome, if privately they do not when it hits them personally. Sniping, though it *may* get a direct hit, is a word of shame. Fair criticism is a borderline word. It is certainly "sniping" when the same voice which declares that a Premier or Government is deplorably weak or appeasing, is instantly critical when he or it takes suddenly a very strong decision (as in Cyprus). And much of the criticism over the Russian visit can be so-called to-day, for the apt occasion to cancel it was missed long ago. The Russian leaders are even more addicted to overseas trips nowadays than our Ministers, whose constant airborne journeys we regard as excessive. But it is true that personal contacts are more effective than exchanges of notes and that in the search for peace and understanding a rigid adherence to going forward on parallel lines (which never meet) is of no avail, even when it is admitted that 80 per cent. of the points of accord announced after meetings of heads of State since 194 are in the waste-paper basket, and the conventiona communiqués issued after "top level" talks hav become a hoary joke in *Punch*. It remains to say tha a friendly attitude and words of courtesy, even whe conventionally extracted, must temporarily take th chill off the international atmosphere, and must i some sort estop those who make them from instantl reverting to brutality and contradictions in term And such is the need to-day for halting the trend t bitterness and widening the gulf between East an West, that even a month's amnesty is to be reckone a diplomatic success. And since these things are s and the visit is certain, it is high time to call in th snipers and leave no-man's-land a safe meeting-place You never know what angels may visit Mons, when th sun shines in April in England now. Such condition if ideal, can, like music, soothe the savage breast an induce the lion to lie down with the lamb. Th Premier's problems are far too complex to justif sectional strategy on this question.

Is it a Crisis?—One of the reasons why the public has been so slow to respond to the cry for restraint, the cry of (economic) havoc, is (I firmly believe) that that cry from Government and economists has all along been equivocal. One day we hear that we totter on the crater-edge of bankruptcy. The next we are told that we still possess vast resources, that greater prosperity is just round the corner, and that one long, strong pull could put us on velvet again. It seems that we must maintain confidence in sterling in the same breath in which we prophesy its death. Yet the figures and statistics are tell-tale and a man who assesses the financial condition of a nation in the same terms and conditions as he considers that of his neighbour or himself must surely believe that bankruptcy *is* near when the debts pile up month after month and savings reach vanishing point. And then he wonders why so little sign of crisis is apparent in the streets, and why from Whitehall come none of those last desperate efforts to get us in position with our backs to the wall in closed ranks. What happened in earlier crises? There were gestures from the top to set an example in restraint at the bottom. The sovereigns always instantly responded to such appeals made by their Governments; gave up wine (went dry for the duration), would cut expenditure, hand back a fraction of the Civil List; a rich Minister would hand over a hundred thousand towards reducing the national debt. Lesser politicians were prepared to forgo a percentage or peg their claims to more pay. None of these gestures are asked for or made to-day. The Ministers have minds above mere cheese-paring economies for the sake of example. They are concerned with the pound, not with the pence. Is it a crisis? Sometimes I feel we may be excused if we doubt it, especially in the car parks during holiday sporting meetings.

A NEW NICHE FOR CHARLES I

A LEADEN BUST OF THE MARTYR KING IS PLACED AT THE EAST END OF ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER: It is close to the statue of Cromwell outside the Houses of Parliament. The bust is one of two which were discovered in a Putney antique shop by a member of the Society of King Charles the Martyr. The other bust stands over the door of the Royal United Services Museum, formerly the banqueting house of the old Whitehall Palace, from which the King walked to his execution in 1649. They are believed to date from the late 18th or early 19th centuries.

A Government's Dilemma.—If it were not so serious, it would be amusing to observe how a modern British Government must always find financial considerations interfering with the high moral tone

and Mr. Macmillan must to-day be wrestling with that dilemma. The high moral tone of trusteeship for our Colonial possessions, leading them one by one to their destinies of independence and self-government, is an example. Inevitably in the eyes of the world, the Cyprus charter bears an oily thumb-mark. Or take smoking and drinking as national vices. We spend uncountable millions every year on smoking and drinking, and the prime cause of our inflation is spending far too much at home of the money we ought to save. Would it not be good to try to discourage smoking? Would it not be well to start again the lung cancer scare to that end? *Morally*, possibly. *Economically*, what a nasty cut it would make in the enormous and vital revenue we derive from taxing smoking. Where could that deficit be made good? And that goes for excessive drinking also. Or gambling. This vicious fashion plays havoc with saving. *Morally*, how right it would be to discourage it with penal laws! As it is, the Exchequer rake-off from gambling is not as satisfactory as it might be, and the Government appears to have fallen between two stools. It has rejected the high, moral tone of official discouragement. It has not yet discovered a method of cashing-in more satisfactorily (as in the cases of smoking and drinking) on this national vice. Betting is to be winked at. Lottery bonds are unworthy of a great and dignified nation. To-day, inevitably, we are a nation of sometimes feckless shopkeepers in a now unfashionable street; and, with problems so complex, that condition makes it necessary for our Governments to bring nimble accountancy to the aid of the high moral tone, just as in its diplomatic supper-parties, the guests being what they are, it must employ its longest spoon.

"To Teach the Cricketers Wisdom."

—The Australians are drawing near these shores and the groundsmen are busy with their pitches. Cricket problems are on the agenda. County cricket needs all the money it can collect from the public. Weather permitting, Australian Tests in England are the first and most certain of money winners. Village cricket needs money, too, and still more the recruitment of youth. Too many village teams average forty years in age. The young are inclined to find that it eats up too much of their leisure hours. More than that, the hot weather of last summer proved that the sea was more attractive than the village green. A fine summer is not necessarily a good thing for cricket. Naturally the M.C.C. has been concerned about preserving interest in cricket, and last year it took the view that still more international cricket was the key. Financially, perhaps. But this winter's overseas tours suggest that money is not all. Too much cricket is as bad for star cricketers as too little practice. And too much limelight is apt to cause swollen heads and even international complications. The Australian Tests held in England have long proved certain draws and assured money-makers. But overseas tours have not proved in all ways satisfactory this winter or in past winters. Small wonder if the M.C.C. has been in conference, thinking out ways and means to keep the game alive, on Test grounds, county and village grounds, and I think the key is not more and more Test matches but lighter-hearted and more sporting county cricket. The Sussex youth who is drawn to Hove will be keener to try his skill on his village green, and that goes for youth in all the counties.

A Colourful Life.—Frank Jay Gould died the other day at Juan-les-Pins in his eightieth year. This resort was his own creation and its citizens were as proud of him as he of them. He inherited a large fortune from his father, the multi-millionaire rail magnate, and finding America uncivilised, he settled on the French Riviera. And there everything he touched turned to gold. He grew richer and richer on his development of resorts, casinos, hotels. The war came to clip but not destroy his wings. He developed Juan-les-Pins still further after 1945. His gamble in wives was less successful. The first two ended in the Divorce Court. The third, a French actress, survived. Frank Gould did not confine his investments to the Riviera. He developed resorts in Africa and Switzerland also. He richly endowed New York University and at one time owned the Gothic pile at Abbotsford, the "Nightmare Abbey" which helped to ruin Walter Scott. He was rich as rich can be, and if that ensures a colourful existence, it explains why he clung to life long after the simple joys of living appeared to have left him. For the last four years the breath was kept in his body by artificial feeding; or so I read. No doubt he accepted the grim warning: "You can't take it with you." He was certainly a prototype of "the way we live now," an exemplar of the "colourful" life admired by many and imitated by some. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE "MAYFLOWER" WILL SAIL AGAIN

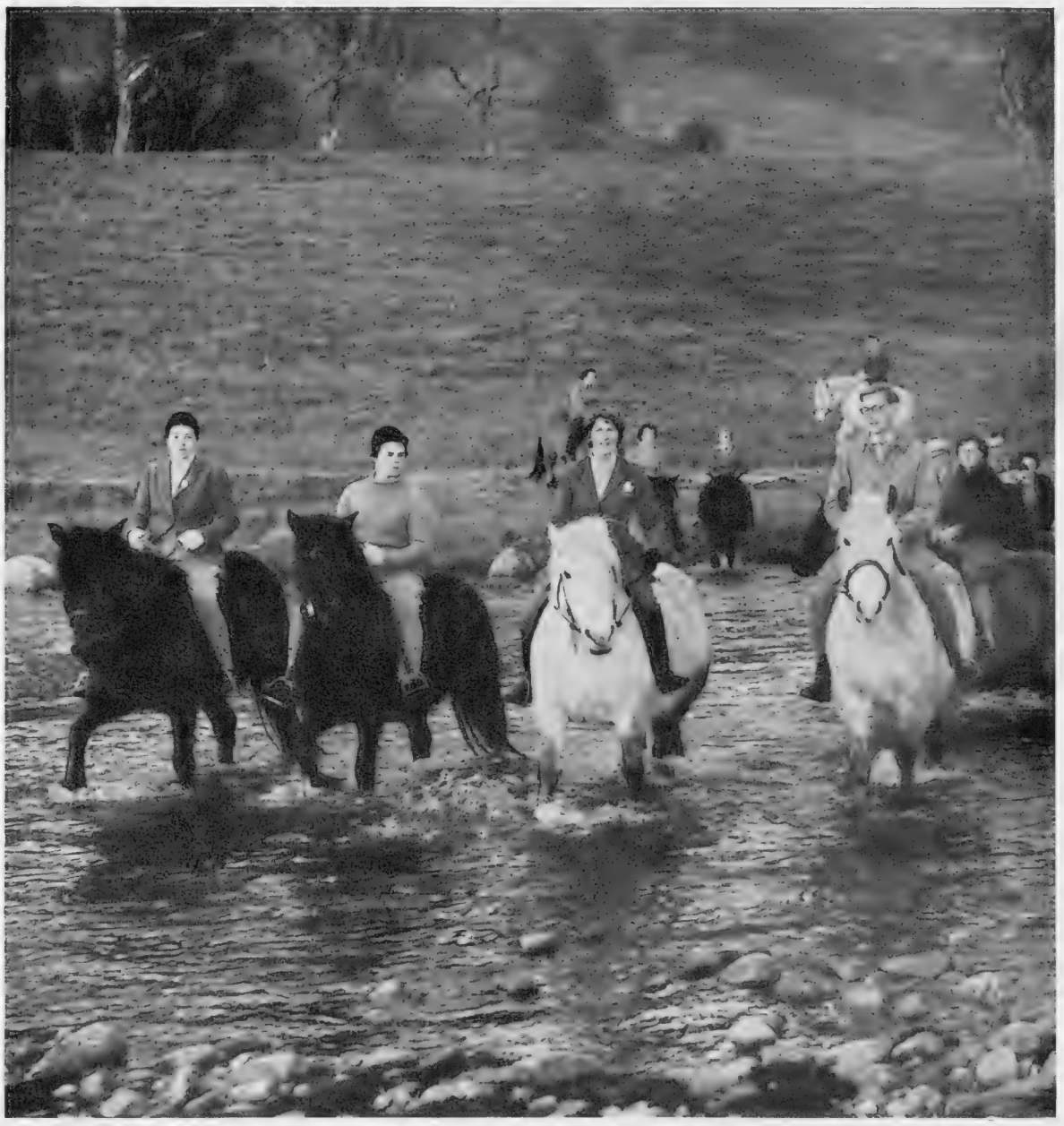
L. M. Bates Describes the Building of the *Mayflower* Replica which will Cross the Atlantic in the Autumn.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.

A MEET IN THE SUN IN SOUTH DEVON

MOVING OFF FROM A CELEBRATED SPOT NEAR TORQUAY: In bright sunshine and watched by a large crowd, the South Devon Foxhounds move off after their meet at the Drum Inn, in the picturesque village of Cockington, near Torquay. Leading the field is the Huntsman, Mr. Arthur Harris, and he is followed by the Master, Mr. C. C. Whitley.

PREPARING FOR RIDING HOLIDAYS IN SCOTLAND



A COURSE FOR POTENTIAL INSTRUCTORS IN PONY-TREKKING FOR THE SCOTTISH COUNCIL OF PHYSICAL RECREATION: A party of riders fording the River Spey during a trek which forms part of the course at Newtonmore, Inverness-shire. The students, who come from many parts of Britain, are put through an intensive course in theory and practice. Pony-trekking holidays in Scotland are now a regular feature of the holiday season, which usually lasts from April to October, and there are several centres with hotel accommodation. Expeditions are arranged from the hotel; guides are available for leading parties through the most interesting routes, and instruction is given to beginners in handling and riding ponies (known in Scotland as garrons). The headquarters of the Council are at 4, Queensferry Street, Edinburgh, 2.

HOME AND ABROAD

A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events in England and Elsewhere in the World

THE QUEEN ATTENDS A ROYAL AIR FORCE CONCERT IN LONDON : She is seen arriving at the Royal Albert Hall to attend the R.A.F. anniversary concert commemorating the foundation of the R.A.F. on April 1, 1918. Following Her Majesty is the Duke of Edinburgh. The proceeds from the concert were given to the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund. Among those taking part were the Hallé Orchestra and the Hallé Choir ; the Central Band of the R.A.F. ; the Alexandra Choir, and the Sheffield Philharmonic Chorus.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECTS A CAR FERRY SERVICE : He is watching Captain C. A. Hopkins close the doors of a Bristol Superfreighter in readiness for take-off at the Ferryfield Airport of Silver City Airways at Lydd, Kent. The Duke later flew in this plane to Le Touquet, the French terminal of the Ferry. On board were two cars.

On left—

A HOME-BUILT AIRCRAFT FROM FRANCE : The Druine Turbulent is examined with interest at Elstree, in Hertfordshire, after it had been flown from Paris by Mr. H. Best-Devereux. The one-seat aircraft can be built at home for £350, cruises at 70 m.p.h. and is very cheap to run.

THE FLORAL HALL OF COVENT GARDEN MARKET IS BADLY DAMAGED BY FIRE : A general view of the scene shortly after firemen had controlled the fire which broke out during repairs to the roof. In the background of the picture is the Royal Opera House. Part of the roof of the Floral Hall was badly damaged, as well as much of the interior of the hall which is used as a store by wholesale fruit and vegetable merchants. All those working inside the hall were able to leave safely. The workmen who were repairing the roof climbed over a parapet to the roof of the Opera House. Thick black smoke poured from the building and the firemen had to wear breathing apparatus. Thousands of people watched the blaze.

A LONDON PLAQUE TO COMMEMORATE A SCOTTISH PATRIOT : The Countess of Dundee helped by the Rev. R. F. V. Scott, Minister of St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont Street, to unveil the Sir William Wallace memorial on a wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in Smithfield. The plaque records the execution " near this spot " of the Scottish patriot 650 years ago. There were two unforeseen incidents during the unveiling ceremony last Sunday. First, the two flags failed to fall away from the memorial at the moment of unveiling, and secondly, a man caused a disturbance during the singing of the National Anthem. He jumped to the platform and appealed to the spectators not to sing, but was promptly removed.

INDEPENDENCE FOR SPANISH MOROCCO : In Madrid Si Bekkai, the Moroccan Prime Minister (on the left), and Senor Artajo, the Spanish Foreign Minister, sign the joint Declaration recognising the independence of the Spanish Zone of Morocco. In the centre behind the table with his hand in his pocket is Muley Hassan, the Heir Presumptive to the Sultan of Morocco. The Declaration brings to an end the forty-four years of the Spanish Protectorate in Morocco, and the area comes under the control of the Moroccan Government, which last month obtained independence from France of French Morocco. Spain no longer has any direction of the policy or army of its former Protectorate.

A SOVIET-BURMESE AGREEMENT : Mr. Mikoyan, a Deputy Prime Minister of the Soviet Union, and U Nu, the Burmese Prime Minister, sign a supplementary trade agreement in Rangoon. This extends by five years the trade agreement of July last year between the two countries. The supplement agrees to the delivery of several hundred thousand tons of Burmese rice to the Soviet Union against a supply of machinery, other equipment and goods and Russian technical services. After the signature it was announced that the Soviet Government has offered to construct and equip in Rangoon a hospital, a theatre and a cultural and sports centre as a gift to the people of Burma from the people of the Soviet Union.

THE GREEK KING PRAISES "NOBLE" CYPRIOTS : King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederica acknowledge applause after the King had opened the new session of Parliament in Athens. In his speech, King Paul affirmed his country's support for the Greeks in Cyprus in their "noble struggle" for self-determination.

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN MADRID : On his arrival for the ceremonies concerning the signing of the Spanish-Moroccan Declaration, Sultan Mohammed V walks to inspect a guard of honour with General Franco. Later, he affirmed his wish for friendship with Spain.

NINE KILLED IN ITALIAN BUS ACCIDENT : Rescue workers carry victims from the wreckage of a bus which crashed into a ravine near Genoa. The vehicle was carrying workmen. The driver and eight of the workmen were killed. Fourteen passengers were injured, some of them seriously. The bus had fallen over 330 ft. in the crash.

AN AUSTRALIAN BASE IN ANTARCTICA : The Australian Scientific Research Station in Mawson, 4,120 miles from Melbourne, on the Continental Ice Shelf, is visited each year by the Research Expedition's relief ship, *Kista Dan*, with a relief party and equipment.

AUSTRALIAN RESEARCH IN ANTARCTICA

The Danish Ice-Breaker "Kista Dan" Relieves Fifteen Men at the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition's Base in Mawson

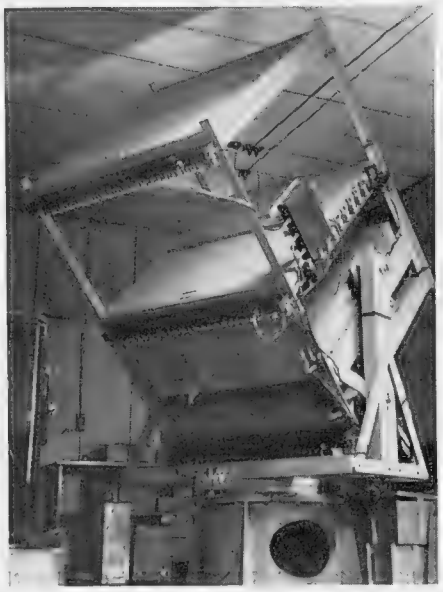
After another voyage to the Antarctic the 1,000-ton Danish ice-breaker *Kista Dan*, which was chartered by the Australian National Research Expedition, has returned to Melbourne. She has completed a journey of 9,500 miles, which included aerial photographic reconnaissance of the coast of Wilkes Land and the landing of stores and a relief party for the Australian Research Station in Mawson, on the Continental Ice Shelf.

This first permanent station lies in a horse-shoe-shaped rock plateau on the vast ice-shelf near the Mawson range of mountains. The main research carried out is concerned with a geological survey for rich mineral deposits which are thought to be located in the area. Geologists believe that parts of these Polar territories are similar in strata to the mainland of the Dominion between Broken Hill and Adelaide. If this is so, the area should be rich in uranium deposits, lead, zinc, silver, gold and other raw materials.

Besides this geological work, research is carried out in cosmic and radio fields and in marine biology. There are two huge cosmic ray telescopes at Mawson Station which automatically record the cosmic ray counts for each hour and rotate through another 90 degs. when an hour is completed.

The base is named Mawson after the Antarctic explorer Sir Douglas Mawson, who first went to the Antarctic with Shackleton's expedition of 1908.

THE WATER SUPPLY OUTSIDE THE DOOR : A member of the party at Mawson Station brings ice-blocks into the mess hut.

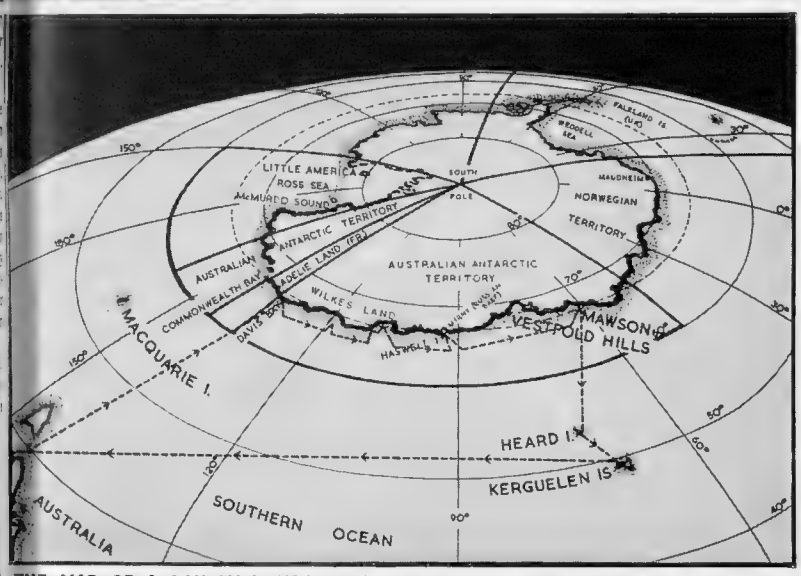


RESEARCH AT MAWSON : There are two huge cosmic ray telescopes at the Mawson Permanent Research Station.

MEN AT WORK : Technicians dig a pit in the ice of the Antarctic plateau for glaciological observations. The research also includes a geological survey of what are thought to be potentially mineral-bearing areas. Other tasks include cosmic and radio studies.

A LIFE-LINE BETWEEN THE HUTS : Peter Shaw, a meteorologist of the Australian National Research Expedition, walks from a hut to the living quarters in semi-blizzard conditions. A life-line between main points is essential to men outside during bad weather.

SAVED FROM THE SEA : This Weasel tracked vehicle has broken through the ice into the sea and is being winched out with the aid of a chain block. During the past year members of the Expedition travelled about 1,500 miles by tracked vehicles and dog sleds.



THE MAP OF A LONELY VOYAGE : The 9,500-mile-long voyage of the *Kista Dan* took it through some of the most empty parts of the Southern Ocean. This year the vessel carried a plane which photographed 1,000 miles of the coast of Wilkes Land. She also visited the islands of Macquarie, Heard and Kerguelen.

MAIL FROM HOME : Alan Gowlett, an engineer at the Research Station, collects his mail from the table of the mess hut after the arrival of the *Kista Dan* with the relief party in February of this year. Last year's party returned home with her.

THE MOUNTAINS OF ANTARCTICA : A reconnaissance party appears dwarfed by a cliff-face looming over them as they stand in a 200-ft.-deep scour caused by the wind in a snow-drift at the southern end of the Casey Range. It is hoped to find mineral deposits in this area.

Paris Entertains—A Commentary from France

Controlling the Traffic, Maxim's, the French Theatre, and the Artist of the Moment

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

Paris, April.

BRITISH visitors driving to Paris on any Sunday or Bank Holiday during the coming months, and having a car equipped with radio, must not be surprised if they see a helicopter hovering over them and hear a paternal French voice, between two recordings of French crooners, recommending them to drive with more discretion. Or even counselling them to take the next secondary road to the right if they wish to avoid the colossal traffic jam piling up on the road ahead.

Although only 12 per cent. of French cars are equipped with radio, the police sponsors of the helicopter experiment during the Easter week-end consider the results an undoubted success, and propose to extend the innovation to other car-congested areas. The police helicopter was linked by radio telephone to a Paris broadcasting station, as well as to several regional police headquarters. A well-known radio commentator flew in the plane and transmitted the recommendations to recalcitrant drivers. The result of this aerial supervision, combined with the patrolling of several thousand motorised police and gendarmes on the roads converging on Paris, has been a notable improvement in driving discipline and a slight decrease in mortal road accidents. But the French still look with envy on the British record of a fatality-free Easter.

The most discreet and dignified of Parisians, the celebrated *maître d'hôtel* Albert of Maxim's Restaurant, has recently visited New York, in order to give to American restaurateurs and night-club owners the incomparable benefits of his fifty years' experience of fashionable eating and drinking in Paris. I have known Albert for a good many of those years. Before he went to Maxim's he presided over an elegant restaurant in the Champs Elysées and a no less elegant *auberge* for wealthy week-enders, the Ferme St. Siméon on the Deauville road outside Honfleur. The Maxim's to which Albert came in the early '30's was in a decline. It still lived on the glory of the past, but the gold and plush had faded, like the clients of both sexes who remained faithful. Albert, whose real name is Albert Glaser, not only has the impeccable dignity of Mr. Wodehouse's Jeeves, he has also his subtlety. He managed to infuse a new atmosphere into the ageing Maxim's. Without losing anything of its traditions of exquisitely cooked food and excellent wines, the restaurant became once again the resort of the *monde* and the *demi-monde*, politicians and their mistresses, men famous or notorious (the distinction is sometimes hard to draw), and women beautiful or merely beautifully dressed.

Then came the war and the German Occupation, Maxim's saw the invasion of Marshal Goering, Pierre Laval, an old client, and Laval's friends. But Albert, thanks to his Swiss origins, remained urbanely neutral. When I saw him at the Liberation it was in an atmosphere of victory. Maxim's had been taken over temporarily by the British Embassy, and Albert wore a discreet smile of satisfaction at the change in his fortunes. The impeccable *maître d'hôtel* is now seventy-three years old, and his visit to the United States was his first.

It is hard for old Parisians to believe, but during the past twenty years the number of legitimate theatres in the capital has increased from 30 to 50, music halls, cabarets and circuses have increased from 13 to 34, and there are 346 cinemas in Paris and 130 in the suburbs. And this is the age of television. There is therefore no commercial crisis in the entertainment world, in spite of high taxation and the exaggerated prices of the most modest seats in the smallest theatres. Yet the artistic value of the present French theatre is seriously disputed by many who are passionately interested in the drama.

The *Figaro* recently organised a discussion on the theatrical crisis and invited leading authors, actors, producers and critics to take part in it. Among those who responded were the actor and producer Jean Louis Barrault, whose company has been admired in England, the actor Pierre Brasseur, the author Armand Salacrou, one of whose plays has been seen in London, and the critics Robert Kemp and Jean Jacques Gautier.

Unfortunately the man who has done most to revitalise the theatre as a popular attraction—Jean Vilar, of the Théâtre National Populaire—was not represented in this discussion. Vilar and his company, which includes the brilliant young actress Maria Casarès and the versatile Gérard Philippe, hero of the Russian bobby-soxers since he accompanied René Clair to Moscow, play nightly to large and enthusiastic audiences in the massive theatre of the Palais de Chaillot, one of the most modern and most beautiful buildings in Paris. Occasionally Vilar takes his company out to the industrial suburbs of Paris, or in summer to the Roman amphitheatre in the Provençal town of Orange. He will shortly appear in England. Vilar's repertory is largely classic—Shakespeare, Corneille and Victor Hugo, the last-named represented by his melodrama *Marie Tudor*, in which Vilar manages to overcome the often preposterous exaggerations of Hugo's verse by the rapidity and drama of his production.

But to return to the *Figaro* discussion. The contributors agreed that there are plenty of good young actors; "they are better to-day than in my youth," said the veteran critic Robert Kemp, now seventy-one years old. They also agreed that there existed good writers and good stage-producers. And yet there was general agreement that the theatre was in a bad way. The reason, according to one, being that there were too few managers in the old tradition, autocrats in their own theatre, but prepared to back their judgment, good or bad.

And yet the small, experimental theatre continues to flourish in Paris. Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, a play in which nothing happens, has been succeeded by Jean Tardieu's *Une Voix sans Personne*, a play in which there are no actors. The audience sees merely three empty armchairs on the stage, and hears a voice projected by a loudspeaker which describes what might have happened if the absent characters had occupied the armchairs. This curious play was presented in the little Théâtre de la Huchette, a microscopic playhouse surrounded by the Arab restaurants of a narrow street off the Boulevard St. Michel, which was the inspiration of a famous war-book by the American Elliot Paul.

The most successful play now running, and likely to run for several months to come, is *Le Mal Court* at the Théâtre de la Bruyère, off the rue Pigalle. The author is a talented writer for the radio and the stage called Audiberti. His play is half-farce, half-Ruritanian light comedy, based on the political marriages of the French kings in the seventeenth century. The dialogues are witty, deft and original, but the play is chiefly a vehicle for the rare talent and attractive personality of the young actress Suzanne Flon. Mlle Flon played Joan of Arc in Jean Anouilh's moving *L'Alouette* several years ago, and British film-fans have seen her as the lovely and elegant admirer of Toulouse-Lautrec in the film *Moulin Rouge*.

In Audiberti's piece Suzanne Flon is a young princess of an Eastern European country who is brought to the West, as a prospective bride for a Western (read French) king, in an intrigue to force the hand of another monarch with a marriageable daughter. In the background is a Richelieu-like Cardinal, and the vaguely historical allusion is to the Spanish alliances of the Bourbon kings. For the audience, however, as for many critics, the philosophical content of the comedy falls on deaf ears. The whole play, good or bad, is borne on the charming shoulders of Suzanne Flon, whose vivacity and animal spirits are alone responsible for its success.

Since I wrote about the millionaire painter Bernard Buffet he has exhibited an impressive series of oil paintings and water-colours devoted to the circus. Buffet brings to his latest subject the same intense, stony regard which he turned on his earlier themes. His clowns, his trapeze artists, his acrobats, even his animals (one of them an immense and dangerous-looking rhinoceros, alone and menacing in a monstrous iron cage), have all the same tragic and haunted air. But now the sombre effect of his heavy black contours, his geometric circles and rectangles is redeemed by a more generous use of colour than anything he has yet shown.

Buffet takes his sudden wealth, his farm and chateau, his Rolls-Royce and chauffeur, with becoming modesty. Since their existence was revealed to the public he has received an amusing correspondence from unknown admirers. One of them, a young artist of sixteen, begs a signed sketch. Another, a peasant, tells Buffet that his sister, an unmarried mother with four children, would like Buffet to become the godfather of her latest-born.

Bernard Buffet has been chosen by the Goncourt Academy as its first portrait painter. He spent several days sketching the members of the Academy during their official luncheons at the Restaurant Drouant, after swearing an oath of secrecy as to their conversation. The result of his labour is a strange and solemn collective portrait (exhibited at the Musée Galtiéra) in which the artist has succeeded in the seemingly impossible task of giving to the Goncourt Academicians not only the rectangular, lean and ghoulish face of all his figures, but also the recognisable characteristics of each of them. Not for nothing has he been called the modern Greco.

MASS ROUND-UP OF ALGERIANS IN PARIS: The French authorities made a sudden move when Security Police carried out a series of swoops to round up the thousands of Algerians resident in the French capital. The ostensible reason for the operation was an identity check, but in effect it prevented an organised demonstration in the boulevards of Montmartre. The city police held a couple of thousand of the Algerians.

N.A.T.O. ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATED IN FRANCE: M. Guy Mollet, the French Premier (on left), General Ridgway (centre) and Lord Ismay, the Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, stand on the saluting base during the anniversary celebrations held at the S.H.A.P.E. headquarters near Paris.

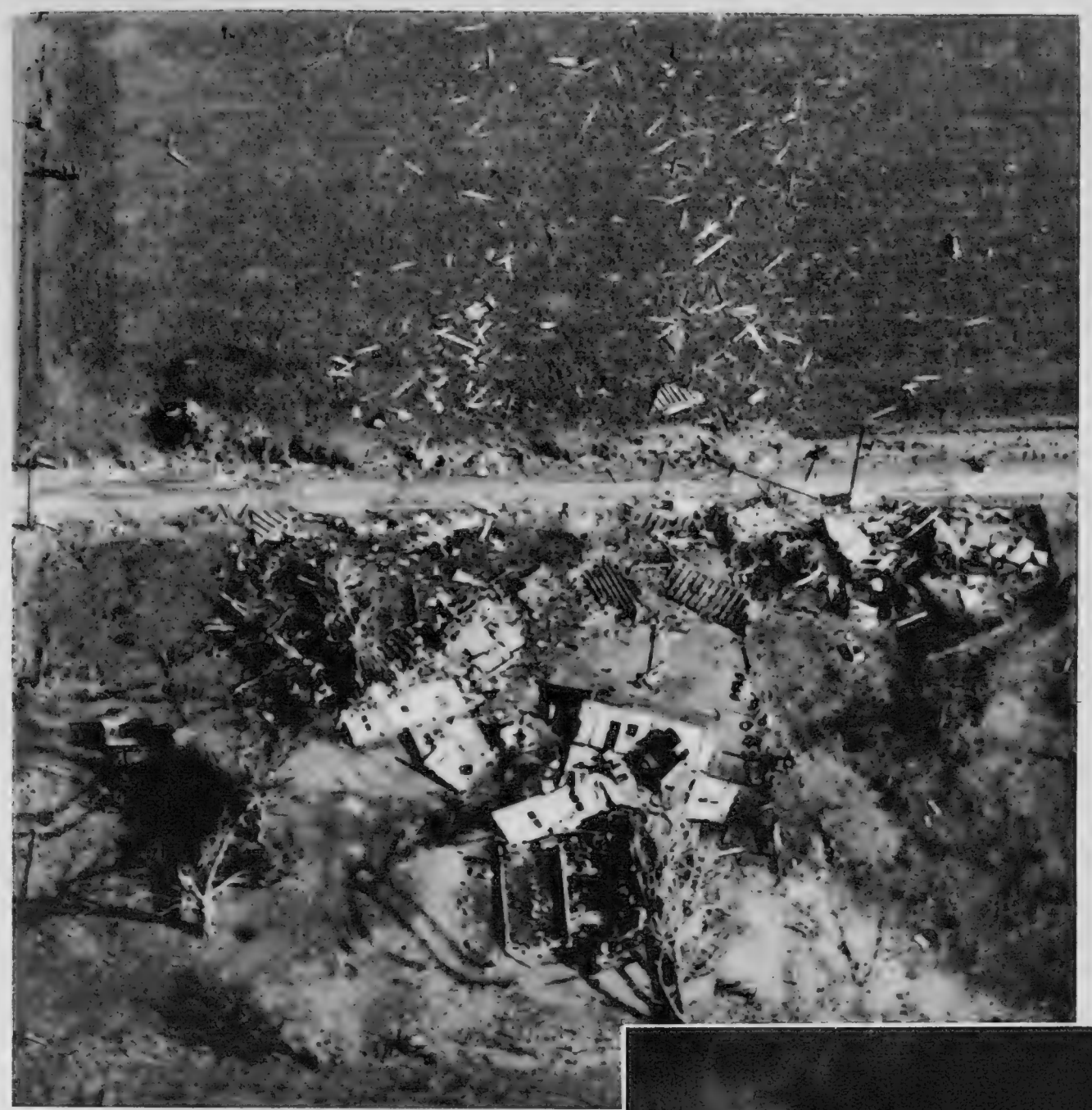
Tornadoes in America

Death and Destruction have Followed the Tornadoes which Struck the Southern and Mid-Western States

A series of tornadoes striking the South and Mid-West of the United States have left a trail of death and destruction behind them. One of the worst hit states was Michigan where at least twenty persons were killed and a hundred injured. The tornadoes and the violent winds which followed close on their paths also severely battered the states of Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Indiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas and Kentucky. In Illinois and adjacent parts of the Mid-West gale force winds followed a freak heat wave, while snow and sleet covered Nebraska.

Figures issued by the American Red Cross reveal that 320 homes have been destroyed and 696 damaged, and over 1,500 families affected in eight states alone. The extensive damage is estimated at millions of pounds, and according to reports some of the worst-hit areas looked like wreckage-strewn battlefields after the tornado funnels had passed.

Some sectors suffered considerably, while others escaped lightly. In Michigan the little community of Hudsonville was almost completely flattened and at least thirteen people lost their lives. Hospitals in Holland and Zeeland, Michigan, said they were crowded with injured from the Hudsonville area. At Berlin, Wisconsin, a tornado sweeping through the city shattered shops and houses but left unharmed a home for old people and the City High School which lay just off its path. The airport wind-measuring device at Joliet, west of Chicago, was blown away after clocking winds of 95 miles an hour. The roof of a hangar was also blown off. In Tunica, Mississippi, a violent wind brought down a Negro school house outside the town, killing the teacher and injuring four of the children in the class. The walls were entirely swept away.



THE PATH OF DESTRUCTION: The sweep of the tornado which hit Miami, Oklahoma, can be clearly seen from the wreckage of this farmhouse on the outskirts. Most of the trees have been blown over and the buildings torn up and scattered over a wide area. The path of the wind funnel has continued across the road, dropping debris in its passage. The damage here was considerable, but there were no deaths.

A TORNADO APPROACHES STANDALE: A tornado funnel roars down on Standale, a suburb of Grand Rapids, Michigan's third largest city, situated about thirty miles inland from Lake Michigan itself. At least thirteen people were killed in Hudsonville, south-west of Grand Rapids.

DUST CLOUDS OVER TEXAS: The sun was blotted out by dust clouds which rolled over the town of San Angelo, in Texas, following the sweeping tornadoes. The traffic lights at "stop" shine bright through the gloom.

THE DEBRIS OF THE STORM: Some of the rubble left in the tornado's path blocks Highway 116 at the eastern entrance to Berlin, Wisconsin. Six people died and fifty injured were taken to hospital in this town. Parts of three houses and a motor-car chassis workshop landed in the Highway.

THE COMPLETION OF ONE OF THE BIGGEST SINGLE EARTH-MOVING CONTRACTS EVER CARRIED OUT: The waters of the Tigris flow through the barrage at Samarra, some 65 miles north of Bagdad. It was opened by King Feisal, of Iraq, last week. Costing over £15,000,000, it will prevent floods over a wide area and develop hydro-electric power and many schemes for irrigation which will benefit agriculture. The project has been carried out jointly by British and German firms. In order to start it, a British firm shifted the bed of the river, moving 60 per cent. as much earth and rock as was needed for the construction of the Suez Canal.

THE TIGRIS BARRAGE

In One of the Greatest Engineering Feats Ever Undertaken, British Firms have Played a Big Part

It is perhaps not unfitting that Iraq, in whose capital the Bagdad Pact was signed, should appear a light of hope amid the stormy darkness which now seems to threaten much of the Middle East. Like her neighbours, Iraq has grown rich from oil. But unlike some of her neighbours, she does not employ this new-found wealth for bolstering up a corrupt oligarchy or for inflaming political passions across her borders. Instead she uses it for public works for the benefit of her entire population and thus gives the free world one of its strongest bastions against Communist infiltration.

When, last week, King Feisal cut a tape to inaugurate a great dam on the River Tigris at Samarra, he was, in fact, opening one of the most ambitious engineering projects ever undertaken by man. Britain can be proud that her engineers have had no small share in this construction. Here may be one of the best counters to anti-British propaganda in the Middle East.

The Tigris Barrage, as it is called, has cost £15,000,000. Its purpose is to prevent the floods from the river which have devastated the surrounding country for miles around since the days of Genesis and, at the same time, provide irrigation and drainage for agriculture and develop hydro-electric power.

The plan was prepared for the Iraq Government by the London firm of consulting engineers, Coode and Partners. The initial stage required nothing less than the shifting of the entire bed of the Tigris for a considerable length and removing about 40,000,000 cub. yards of sand, soil and rock. This task was entrusted to another British firm, Balfour, Beatty and Co. Some idea of the magnitude of the work undertaken can be gauged from the fact that the earthwork involved was 60 per cent. of that carried out in the construction of the Suez Canal. The Tigris Barrage is said to be one of the biggest single earth-moving contracts ever completed.

The actual construction of the dam or barrage went to the German firm of Ed. Züblin A.G. They are also building the power station close to it which will not be finished until the end of the year. A sub-contract for the barrage was awarded to a British firm, Ransome and Rapier, of Ipswich. This was for the fifty-three sluice gates, each about 40 ft. wide, which are needed for the barrage and its adjacent regulator.

The method by which the project is now ready to prevent floods is an indication of its ambitious scope. The barrage across the Tigris enables the water level to be raised so that it can flow over desert land on one bank and eventually flow through a channel into the Wadi Tharthar depression, 43 miles away. Any danger of the water returning and flooding land to the south of the barrage is prevented by giant protective dykes.

But prevention will also be a cure. As already noted, agricultural improvements and electric power will be some of the valuable by-products from this scheme. And this is only a start in the many ambitious plans King Feisal and his advisers—some of whom were educated at Birmingham University—have in preparation for their country's welfare. Other dams are in the course of construction, hospitals and housing schemes are beyond the blueprint stage and education is to be improved. Iraq, under its present Government, is a splendid example of a real people's State.

THE RIVER IS CONTROLLED: The waters of the Tigris flow steadily through the barrage after its opening. The scheme is only one of the many plans Iraq has for using her wealth from oil.

DIVERSION FOR FLOOD-WATERS: In the Tharthar depression, 43 miles away from the Tigris Barrage, workers complete the artificial channel which is one of the most important parts of the project, for it will divert floods.

On left—
A ROYAL OPENING: King Feisal cuts the tape at the ceremonial opening of the Tigris Barrage at Samarra. Afterwards he received representatives of the various contractors.

Below—
THE SEVENTEEN-BAY BARRAGE: It has been constructed by the German firm of Zublin. The gates for the barrage were built by Ransome and Rapier, of Ipswich.

REGULATING THE THIRD RIVER OF THE CREATION: This aerial view, taken before the opening, is of the regulator which will ensure that flood-waters are diverted from the Tigris. According to popular belief, the Tigris is the Hiddekel, the third of the four rivers to flow from the Garden of Eden.

OPENING UP THE WAY TO A NEW PROSPERITY : A goods train of the Gold Coast Railways moves along the embankment over a culvert in the Essen-Epam forest reserve. It is running on the new 51-mile-long line between Kotoku and Achiasi which was opened on February 1. The line almost halves the distance between Accra and Takoradi.

A CUTTING ON THE ROUTE : This particular cutting, nine miles from Achiasi, is 43 ft. deep. It is typical of the engineering work on the line.

A LEVEL-CROSSING : A train reaches the Oda-Saltpond Road level-crossing and roundabout two miles from Achiasi, one of the line's termini.

A Vital Rail Link in the Gold Coast

The Newly-opened Line Between Kotoku and Achiasi May Play an Important Role in Shaping the Country's Economic Future

On the first of February a 51-mile railway line was opened at Kotoku Junction, in the Gold Coast. The ceremony was important enough to be performed by the Governor of the Gold Coast, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, and Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, the Prime Minister.

By linking Kotoku with Achiasi the distance between Accra, capital of the Gold Coast, and Takoradi, now the chief port, is almost halved, being reduced from 367 miles to just under 200.

Economically, and hence politically, the new railway line is of the utmost importance. For it speeds communications between the great harbour in the west and the site of the Volta River developments in the east. More than £5,000,000 have been spent on extensions to Takoradi Harbour, which are now in their final stages.

The Volta River project will cost up to £140,000,000, though it is not by any means certain that this vast sum can be obtained or, for that matter, that the people of the Gold Coast want to obtain it from within or outside the Commonwealth. Nevertheless, progressive leaders like Dr. Nkrumah are certain that the harnessing of electric power and the subsequent development of the Gold Coast's bauxite and other mineral deposits can bring nothing but prosperity to the State.

The £2,000,000 construction contract for the Kotoku-Achiasi line was awarded to the British firm of contractors, Taylor Woodrow (West Africa) Ltd., in June 1953, who, with the consulting engineers, Messrs. Rendel, Palmer and Tritton, of London, have brought about a remarkable achievement. The line runs through dense forest, bush and swamp, which made the work arduous. More than 2,250,000 cub. yards of earth had to be removed, nearly 1,000 acres of forest cleared, and swamps were carpeted with logs and covered with earth so that supplies could be brought forward over the temporary access roads.

Seven bridges were built, including one 240 ft. long across the Densu River, near Kotoku. New stations and junctions were erected, where sidings were also built, as the line is single-tracked. Between Achiasi and Kotoku the contractors made 165 culverts from 20 ft. to 100 ft. long, as well as numerous cuttings, some more than 40 ft. in depth.

A feature of the work on the new railway was the attention paid to the welfare of the African workers engaged on the sites. The exceptional standard of living conditions and welfare facilities was reflected in the relatively low figures for absence through illness during the operations.

It seems strange that a mere 51 miles of railway track could have such a profound influence on a country. But it may well prove to be a visible means of encouraging the people of the Gold Coast to press ahead with the ambitious project on the Volta River.

ONE OF THE SEVEN BRIDGES ON THE NEW RAILWAY LINE : This three-span bridge is 120 ft. long, and carries the railway across the River Ayensu, just over half-way between the two termini. Altogether seven bridges were built in the course of the railway line's construction. The longest, across the Densu River, is 240 ft.

NEGOTIATING A SHARP BEND : A goods train rounds a 60-degree curve on the new single-track railway line. By opening up new territories, and by speeding the link between the new port in the west and the proposed Volta River scheme in the east this railway may provide encouragement for new economic projects.

AT THE EXCHANGE POINT OVER THE RIVER JORDAN : Forty-one Syrians held by the Israelis are being marshalled on the near (Israeli) side of the river while five Israeli prisoners of the Syrians wait to return home on the far side. The exchange was made across the Bnot Yaakov Bailey bridge.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS

Israel and Syria Exchange Captives Under U.N. Supervision

In lonely country on the borders of their two states, Israel and Syria made an exchange of prisoners across the waters of Jordan. The Syrians were a party of forty-one. Thirty-five of them were soldiers captured last December when Israeli troops crossed into Syrian territory near the Sea of Galilee to destroy Syrian gun positions. The other six Syrians were civilians who had been held for crossing illegally into Israel. From the Syrian side four Israeli soldiers, captured in December 1954, and one civilian were exchanged.

The actual place for the release of these prisoners was the Bnot Yaakov (Daughters of Jacob) Bailey Bridge over the river. The exchange was supervised by the United Nations Truce Supervisory Organisation. Truce teams met in the middle of the bridge. There were frigid greetings and then national representatives proceeded to their groups waiting at both ends of the bridge and assured themselves that all to be exchanged were present. The Syrians being released were first to cross the bridge. When they were well into their own territory, it was the Israeli's turn to cross to their homeland. It was a curt ceremony and an uninformed observer might have assumed that Israel and Syria were actually at war. As it is, there appears to be no relaxation of tension in the Middle East and military preparations are reported to be continuing in many States.

THE SYRIANS HEAD FOR HOME : Thirty-five of them were officers and men, who had been prisoners in Israel since last December, and the remaining six were civilians. The Israelis had been held by Syria since 1954.

SUPERVISING THE EXCHANGE : On the right, with papers, is Lieut.-Colonel J. Caustange, Chairman of the Israeli-Syrian Mixed Armistice Commission. Standing by the ambulance are Colonel Bachri Kutrash (wearing dark glasses), of Syria, and Mr. Joe Tekoa (hatless), of Israel.

MILITARY TRAINING FOR ISRAELI WOMEN AND CHILDREN : A squad of young children are being drilled by their "sergeant" in a town in Israel. They are some of the many children undergoing basic military training throughout the country. *On left*—Women Commandos vault over a wall during assault course training. Israel has started full-time military service for women. At the end of training they are fully capable of defending their country.

Touring the Canadian Arctic

The Governor-General of Canada Visits the High Arctic Territories of the Dominion

TEN-THOUSAND-MILE TOUR OF CANADA'S HIGH ARCTIC: The Governor-General of Canada, the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, speaks with Special Constable Mosesee, of the Mounted Police, near Frobisher, in the Eastern Arctic. The Eskimo constable later took the Governor-General for a sled trip to an Eskimo village across the ice sea from the Royal Canadian Air Force's base at Frobisher.

The Governor-General of Canada left Ottawa at the end of last month for a seventeen-day, 10,000-mile tour of the High Arctic territories of Canada. His journey took him over both the North Geographical Pole and Magnetic Pole and right across Canada's Far North. The journey ranged from Frobisher, on Baffin Island, in the East, to Aklavik and Whitehorse, 2,000 miles away to the West across the roof of Canada. It stretched as far as Resolute, 550 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

The chief purpose of His Excellency's tour was to meet Canadians in the isolated communities of the Arctic. These communities, scattered throughout the Far North, comprise Servicemen, fur traders, Government officials, members of the Mounted Police, missionaries, construction workers and always the native Eskimo. The tour was also an opportunity to allow the Governor-General to see certain aspects of the Continental defence system and to talk with Canadian and American Servicemen stationed in the Arctic territories.

Care was taken that the Governor-General could see the colourful aspects of Eskimo life. He visited their igloos, rode on dog sleds, ate caribou meat and other Arctic specialities. He also attended an Eskimo drum dance in a large snow house, given in his honour. This is the first time that the Queen's Representative has visited the High Arctic and the first time that a Governor-General has flown over the North Pole. During his travels His Excellency passed the 100,000-mile mark of travel since he took office in 1952. Just before his tour the figure stood at 94,773 miles.

Flying in a Royal Canadian Air Force four-engined North Star, the Governor-General passed through six time zones, from Atlantic to Yukon Standard Time. In fact, while circling the Pole the plane flew through all the time zones. The sun at the Pole during this time of the year is little more than a faint red glow on the horizon to the South, even though it has already begun to move back up to the North.

The tour has taken in most of the far northern territories of Canada, which have developed so rapidly and which have become so vitally important from the strategic point of view. It was planned to coincide with the longer days and good weather which usually prevail in the Arctic at this time of the year. Even so, the temperatures are anywhere from 10 degs. above zero to 40 degs. below.

While in Frobisher the Governor-General lived in a new house which is one of a series built by the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources to house the Eskimo tribes. This new Eskimo town site is the first of its kind in the Arctic territories and the houses have been largely erected by the Eskimos themselves. On his way to the next major stop at Resolute, His Excellency made a brief halt at Hall Lake in order to meet the Igloolik tribe of Eskimos, who had come south by dog team to meet him. He also had the opportunity to inspect the special travelling camp they had erected for their brief stay. From Resolute the Governor-General flew to the Pole, more than 1,000 miles away.

On left—
PREPARING FOR AN ICY JOURNEY: The Governor-General watches as an Eskimo ices the runners of the sled in preparation for his journey across the ice sea. The journey was made by members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. His Excellency arrived at the air base at Frobisher after flying over the New Quebec Crater of Northern Ungava.

Below—
HOW TO HUNT IN THE ARCTIC: His Excellency watches an Eskimo hunter, Etouloupiac, demonstrate the correct way to throw a seal harpoon. He also visited a snow house camp. Frobisher is the centre of a new scheme for housing the Eskimo tribes.

ACROSS THE SEA BY SLED: The Governor-General prepares to set out from Frobisher by sled on a journey across the ice sea. The dog sled is bearing His Excellency's personal standard. During his stop at the Arctic air base he visited many of the Canadian Service personnel on duty there, and inspected some of the defence installations on Canada's North-Eastern flank.

Bat Hunting in the Pyrenees

A Frenchman's Research in the Vast Caves at L'Herm, near Foix, Ariège

WITH NET AT THE READY: M. Casteret prepares to scoop up a mass of sleeping bats. They form thick patterns on the rock faces of the cave walls as they hibernate through the winter months in the moist darkness.

STALKING THE SLEEPING BATS: M. Norbert Casteret, who is doing research for a Paris museum, walks through one of the huge caves where the bats hibernate. *On left*—One of the specimens caught in the hunt is examined by M. Casteret. There are about 10,000 bats found hibernating each year in the caves of L'Herm where the search is being made. *Below*—Life is suspended for three months for these bats hanging head downwards in the darkness. The heart-beats are reduced to two or three a minute.

GOING THROUGH THE DAY'S BAG: With the aid of his two daughters, Marie and Raymonde, M. Casteret sorts out some of the bats he has caught. The family wear thick overalls during their explorations and equip themselves with miners' steel helmets and powerful torches against rock falls.

For many years now M. Norbert Casteret has been visiting the vast caves of L'Herm, in the Pyrenees, near Foix, Ariège, where extensive colonies of bats spend their long winter months of hibernation hanging by their feet from the rock walls. This year as usual he has continued his research into their habits and locations with his two assistants, his daughters Marie and Raymonde.

With the aid of a deep net he manages to catch several hundreds of the bats and to tie round their forearms tiny metal cylinders bearing the name of the Paris museum, which is concerned in the study, and a catalogue number. Some of these bats he then releases at distances up to 200 miles from the caves in which they were found. They invariably make their way back again to L'Herm. There are about 10,000 found hibernating every year in the caves, and by continual study of the metal identity cylinders it has been discovered that some of them have been coming to the same caves for eighteen years. At the end of winter there is a great exodus as the bats awake and find their way out into the world again.

The uncanny way bats know their way about is partly due to the supersonic sound waves which they emit, enabling them to "echo-locate" obstacles before reaching them. It has been discovered that these supersonic waves are produced at the rate of about 50,000 per second by means of the comparatively large larynx which the bat possesses. The muscles of the larynx push out this peculiar form of Nature's own radar. The saying, "to be as blind as a bat," however, still remains true for their eyes are so minute that they can see nothing with them in the darkness in which they ordinarily live.

Except for some tropical species bats hibernate during the winter months when insects are not available as food. During this hibernation, which lasts about three months, they hang suspended, oblivious of everything and only a very high wind or a dazzling light would awaken them. Even the awakening is very gradual. It takes about a quarter of an hour to arouse them from their deep sleep. It is because of the torpor in which he finds them during his expeditions that M. Casteret manages to capture such large numbers.

The bat is the only mammal which has the power of fully sustained flight. The fore limbs are extended to form wings and the fingers of the two hands are enormously developed so that they become in effect longer than the body of the animal. Between the fingers a membrane skin extends along the two sides of the bat linking up even the short hind legs and tail.

AIRBORNE— BY HELICOPTER

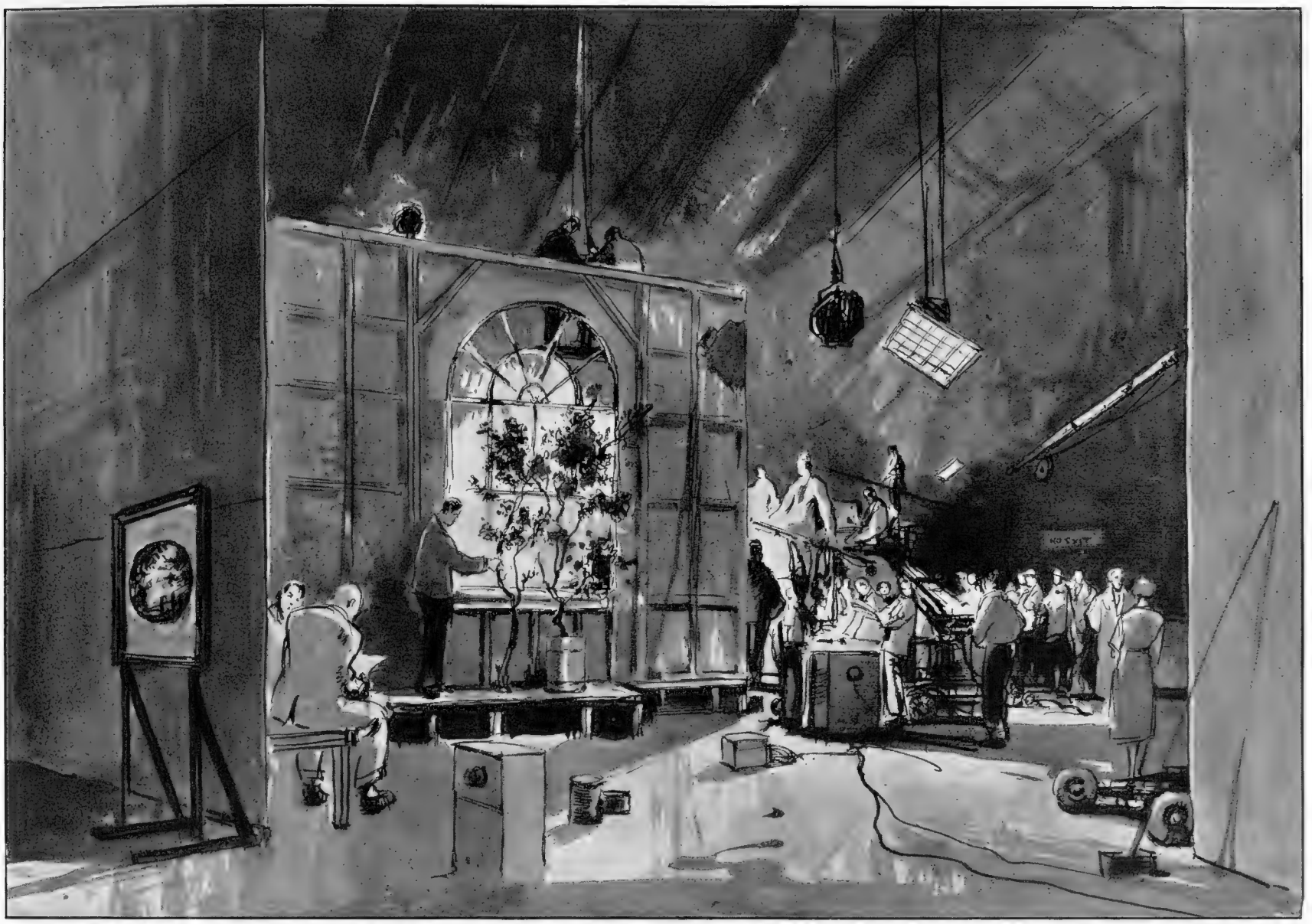
And a Stunt Flight in Hollywood

A FILM DIRECTOR TURNS STUNT MAN: Mr. Billy Wilder, the film director, performs a feat reminiscent of the barnstorming days of air circuses, over Costa Mesa, near Hollywood. The old biplane, which he bestrides, is one of the Curtiss JNs—known as Jennies to the hundreds of Americans who learnt to fly in them during the First World War. Mr. Wilder is at present directing *The Spirit of St. Louis*, a film based on Charles Lindbergh's book about his own famous Atlantic flight. James Stewart, a distinguished flyer as well as actor, plays the part of Lindbergh in this new picture. Mr. Wilder performed his "stunt" to win a 50-dollar bet, following a discussion on the flying hazards of a sequence in the film.

AN ALL-DUTCH RAM-JET HELICOPTER TAKES THE AIR: Test pilot R. J. Harter flies the SOBEH H-2 Kolibrie, near Rotterdam. Production versions of this aircraft are expected to fly this summer. The prototype H-2 first flew in May 1954 and has been under development by an organisation whose name literally translated means "Institute for the Development and Construction of an Experimental Helicopter." Ram-jets at the tips of the rotors power the Kolibrie. These engines were developed in conjunction with the National Air Laboratory in Amsterdam. Quantity production of the Kolibrie will be carried out at Zestienhoven airfield, near Rotterdam. Estimated maximum speed of the helicopter is 68 m.p.h.

A BRISTOL SYCAMORE HELICOPTER OPERATES AS AN AERIAL CRANE: It is being used to aid steeplejacks building a new navigation beacon near Penmon Point, Anglesey. The aircraft is seen about to lower the beacon topmark—a 3½-cwt. structure of luminised steel strip—over the topmast. It was the first time that a helicopter had been used for this work in the British Isles. Operations began on March 28 and were successfully concluded on Good Friday. The only other method possible would have been to ferry the steelwork to the rocks against a 9-knot current, and to hoist it into place with the aid of derrick poles, which might have been swept away by heavy seas at high tide. The Sycamore was operated by Autair Ltd., and flown by Mr. Peter Moore, a Bristol Aircraft Ltd. helicopter test pilot. As a result of this operation, the firm of steeplejacks involved is seriously thinking of using helicopters as a regular part of their equipment.

PRACTISING AN EMERGENCY LANDING WITH PNEUMATIC FLOATS: An American Sikorsky S-55 helicopter alights near Bridgeport, Connecticut. The doughnut-shaped floats are inflated from an air bottle by the same method as is used for rubber dinghies. The wheels normally used are enveloped. Pneumatic floats for emergency landings on water are very economical to operate, when compared with the solid type. The floats on the B.E.A. S-55 helicopters, as used on their South Bank to London Airport service, weigh 380 lb. The combined weight of these pneumatic floats is only about 60 lb. The weight of the solid floats reduces the passenger-carrying load of B.E.A. helicopters by four to five on each flight. Sabena, the Belgian airline, have for some time safely operated S-55s on a larger scale than B.E.A. without any floats at all, so their necessity is debatable.



THE DRAMA BEHIND A DRAMA—AN ASPECT OF A TV PRODUCTION THE VIEWER CANNOT SEE: The B.B.C. studio at Lime Grove, in London, has the proportions of a "V" bomber hangar or a railway terminus. Within this vastness the artist shows some of the large number of people who are needed on the floor alone to put a television play into production. The actual play is being acted behind the window, at which the shrubs must be rustled at the appropriate instance. High above are two technicians working on the lighting. On the right are the cameras, the microphone and some of the people who have a share in this production.

THE PRODUCTION OF A TELEVISION PLAY

In the Complex Organisation Behind the Scenes at the B.B.C. Studios there is as much Drama as is Seen in the Viewing

Drawings by JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.

EVERY day several million television sets are switched on throughout the United Kingdom. In countless homes people settle down comfortably to be entertained by the B.B.C. or the I.T.A. Programme follows programme and any serious break in the continuity will almost certainly be reported in the daily Press. Yet as picture succeeds picture upon the screen, as talks, plays, actualities, current events or orchestras are brought to one's armchair, there must be some who, even in our age abounding in scientific wonders, ponder occasionally on this particular marvel. What organisation and what planning are needed to produce these series of pictures apparently out of nowhere?

These pages fill in some of this unfamiliar background to the ordinary viewer. A SPHERE artist, Jack Merriott, R.I., has drawn his impressions of visits to the studios of the British Broadcasting Corporation at Lime Grove, in London. The production with which he is concerned is one of the recent series of half-hour plays concerning that village eccentric *Nathaniel Titlark*. The plays are written by J. L. Hodson, the producer is Adrian Waller and the title-role is played by Bernard Miles. What applies to their creation is relevant to many programmes on T.V. Behind the scenes in the making of a television play is as much of a drama as is the final, viewed production.

The first stage in the life of a television play concerns the author and the Drama Department. Once it has been accepted—or it may have been commissioned from an idea—then it will be scheduled for production several weeks ahead and a producer named for it. At this point the Publicity Department and the various periodicals dealing with radio and television news will begin to be interested. But the really intensified work can be said to start about five weeks before the day of production.

CAMERAS AND MICROPHONE: Both units can move rapidly around the set seen beyond them. The cameraman is perched high up behind his camera in the front of his apparatus on the "dolly," or trolley, which is controlled by the operator at its rear. The microphone technician stands on his particular dolly. All the drawings in this article were made during a production in the B.B.C.'s recent *Nathaniel Titlark* series of plays.

The key men in the initial planning are the Producer, the Technical Operations Manager and the Designer. As his name implies, the Technical Operations Manager is responsible for the organisation and smooth running of the multitude of technical apparatus—cameras and the like—which will be required. The Lighting Manager will soon be working with him in close association. On the Designer a vital task devolves. Having been told how many sets will be needed he must design them so that they can be best exploited by the cameras. In the production of *Nathaniel Titlark* seen on these pages two sets were used. One was the interior of a village shop and its exterior on the street with the church in the background. The other was a magistrate's court.

The shop demonstrated the abilities of another essential service in the planning—the Property Department. It was a general shop-cum-post office. Groceries, fruit, vegetables,

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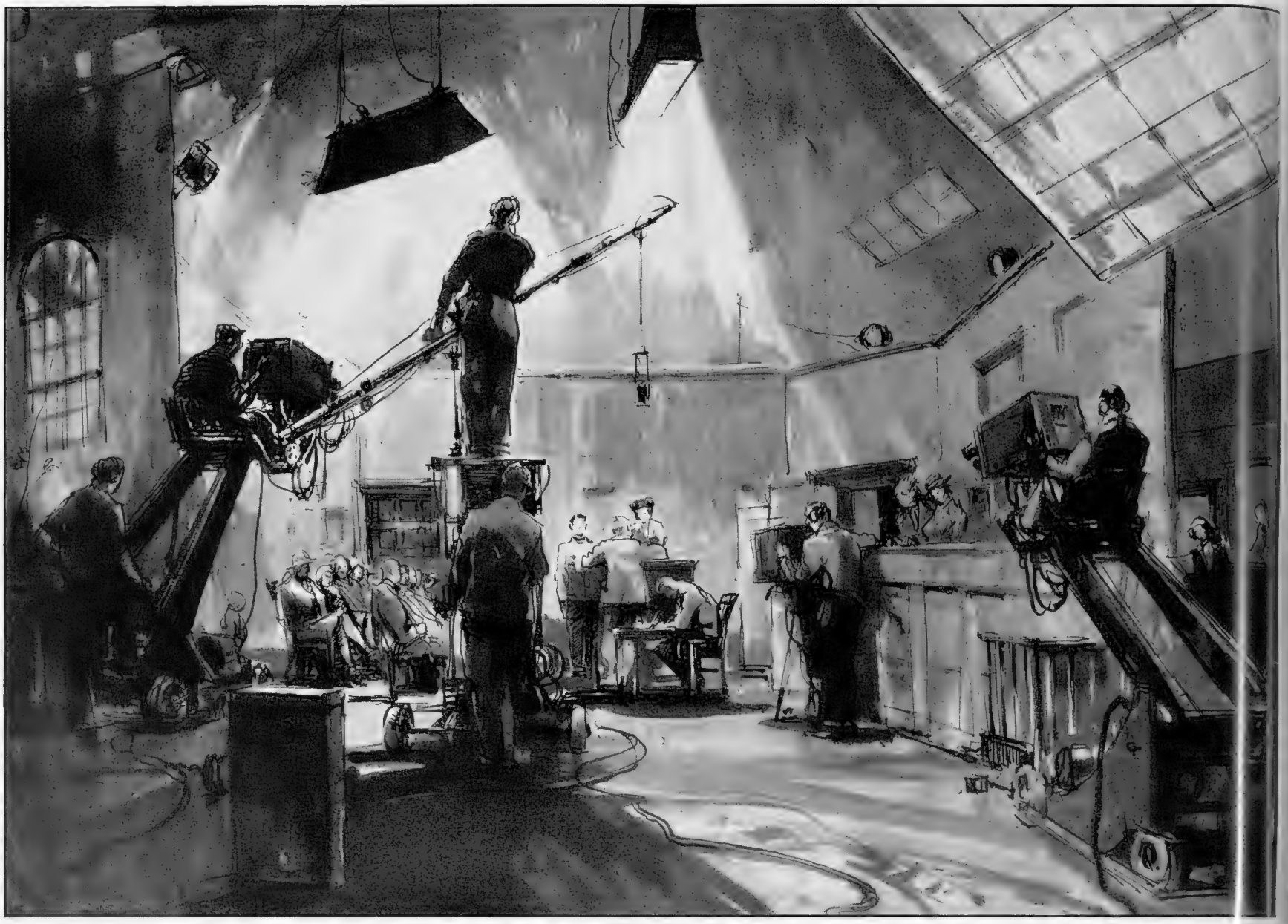


A DISCIPLINE WHICH IS MORE EXACTING THAN ANY OTHER FORM OF DRAMATIC PRODUCTION: What the viewers see for a few seconds may have taken hours of rehears It is a court scene, with extras as public on the left, a witness in the box, centre, and the magistrates on the Bench on the right. Only after long experin ents—a frequent repeat rehearsals—will the Producer have decided on the positions for cameras and microphone. Even the beams of the lights may have to b altere

The Production of a Television Play

(*Continued from previous page*)

and numerous other items had to be supplied to give the shop a genuine appearance. The B.B.C. Television Property Department is the largest in Britain and may well be the largest of its kind outside Hollywood. Some 50,000 "props" are kept in stock and additions are frequently being made. Items not in stock have either to be hired or bought. Besides the fitting-up of the shop, *Nathaniel Titlark* required branches of trees and foliage for the street and the exterior of windows, as well as a correctly equipped court-room.

Concurrently with this planning goes the casting. The Producer will early have decided on the actors and actresses he wants for the various parts. His requests will be passed to the Casting Department. The first rehearsals begin about three weeks before programme day. A television cast must be word and movement perfect. They cannot rely on scripts, as do sound radio performers, nor is production made easier by short "takes" as in film-making. The television actors must submit to a discipline as strict, if not stricter, than the stage. Movements must always be absolutely exact.

The rehearsals are not held in the studio. So great is the pressure on space in the B.B.C. buildings that frequently only one day, the day of actual production, can be allocated for studio rehearsal. So the cast assembles in a church hall or similar accommodation and here the ideas of the planners begin to take shape.

Early in the rehearsals the importance of another member of the team will become apparent. This is the Production Assistant or Floor Manager. He, or she (for in the case of *Nathaniel Titlark* the task was brilliantly discharged by a woman), is in effect the stage manager. She will be on the floor of the studio during the performance, ensuring cast and cameras are properly positioned and carrying out a hundred other vital jobs in association with the Producer up in his cubicle.

So operations proceed until the day of the performance arrives. Early in the morning the cast and the staff are called for the studio where the sets have been erected overnight. To an outsider it is at first sight a scene of chaos out of which it seems impossible to anticipate order. The floor is crowded. One wonders what everyone present is going to do. A staff of some forty-five persons is needed in and around the studio for the production of a half-hour play.

Under the glare of batteries of powerful lights, the Wardrobe Department examines the fruits of its labours and makes last-minute alterations; props are brought in or shifted; on one set a group of the cast are discussing their lines; by another three men are engaged in hanging the branch of a tree to an exact measurement outside a window; electricians carry on their esoteric business in various corners; from his cubicle behind the glass panel half-way up the wall the voice of the Producer gives instructions; the Floor Manager appears to be executing a sort of ballet as she settles innumerable details in five places at once; and everywhere there are cables and wires stretching from the cameras.

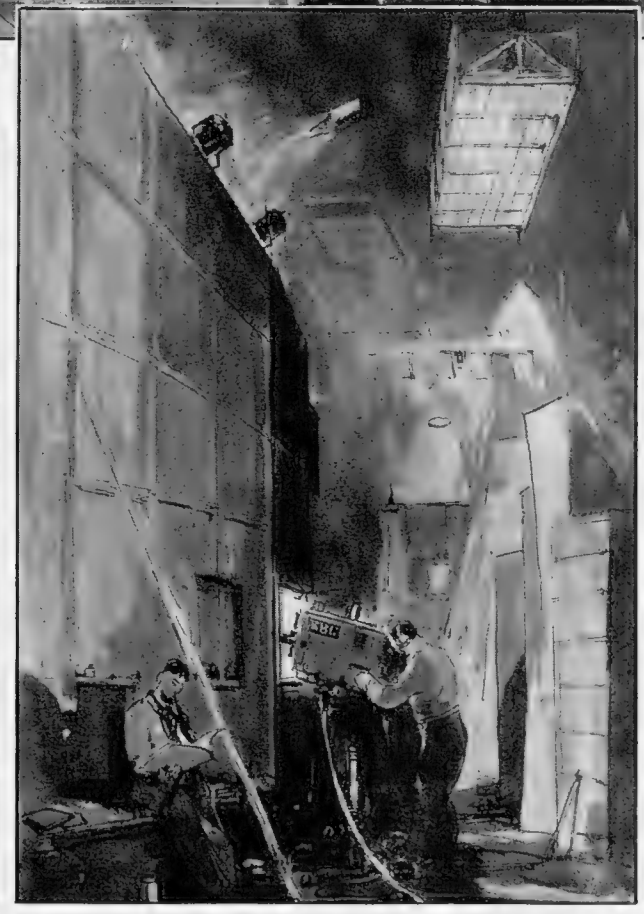
Four cameras were employed in *Nathaniel Titlark*. Two of them were mobile units on "dollies," or trolleys. On these the cameramen sit perched in front with their cameras and can be raised or lowered by the machinery of the dolly, which looks not unlike the mechanic trolleys porters use at big railway stations. The do operator works on a platform at the back. He has move his unit forwards and backwards as required, a from time to time he may have to take a quick t from one set to another, or around one set.

In spite of first misgivings, order does soon begin emerge. The Producer orders a run-through. Now the time to go up to his cubicle. Here is the cont room for the entire operation. It consists of two co partments—the Producer's and the Sound Mixe The Producer sits at a long table on which are pan

THE CONTROL CUBICLE: It is at right-angles to and above the floor of the studio, which lies behind the glass partit at the back. At the table by the far control panel are the Producer, his secretary (on his left), and t Vision Mixer (on his right). In front are monitoring screens. Some show pictures from the cameras on t floor below. From them the Producer selects the picture which the viewers see. Before the near control panel a places for the Technical Operations and Lighting Managers and the wardrobe and make-up departmen

A TEST FOR THE PROPERTY DEPARTMENT: The script required a village shop which is also the post office. So it had to be stocked with the multitude of items necessary to give it a genuine aspect. The B.B.C. Television Property Department is one of the largest in the world. But it must be consulted early in the planning of a production.

SOUND IS OF EQUAL IMPORTANCE WITH VISION: In the Sound Mixer's cubicle, the Gramophone Operators stand over the turntables carrying the sound discs. Behind them the Sound Mixer sits and controls the output of sound. This compartment is next to the Control Cubicle. On the discs, or records, all the music and sound effects are recorded for the production. The sound staff watch the progress of the vision on the two monitoring screens in front of them. From this cubicle the sound of television can be linked to sound radio.



BEHIND THE SCENES: A camera has been placed to operate through an opening especially made for it in one of the flats of the scene. Like all the cameramen, the operator wears earphones and is in constant touch with the Producer in his distant cubicle so that he may move when required.

of buttons and knobs. With him sit his staff—his Secretary, the Technical Operations Manager, the Lighting Manager, and representatives of the Wardrobe and Make-up Departments. On his right-hand side, most suitably, is the Vision Mixer. In front of the table are two batteries or groups of screens, one for the Producer, the other for the Technical Operations Manager. The Producer watches four screens—one for each of the cameras on the floor—and selects from what they are showing the picture for the fifth screen, which is what the viewer will eventually see. His right-hand man, the Vision Mixer, effects this selection on his orders.

There is silence in the cubicle, except for the voices from the screen and the quiet instructions of the Producer. "Change to three . . . change to one . . . change to four . . ." and so forth, until something dissatisfies him and he orders a break. Then he has a brief discussion with the Technical Operations Manager, talks down to the Floor Manager and suggests a different movement for an actor. The cast go back a few lines in the script and start again. The Sound Mixers in the other compartment deal with the sound from a panel which is very similar to that in a sound studio.

By early evening all is ready for the final run-through or dress rehearsal. Then a break will be ordered until the performance—except for certain technicians and perhaps the cameras. There are still some points on which the 100 per cent. perfection at which everyone is aiming has not been achieved.

But as an hour or two later the viewer sits down to watch the drama on his home screen, he will see and feel nothing of all these preparations. For half an hour he is entertained by the play. Then on to the next programme. Then for the producer, his staff and the cast, the satisfaction felt at the end of weeks of intensified creative effort. And for the studio, an army of men who will work through the night dismantling the sets and erecting the scenery for whatever programme is due to go out from here on the morrow.

THE PRODUCTION OF A TELEVISION PLAY

(Continued)

On right—
PREPARING FOR A SHOT: On the floor of the studio one of the most important people is the Production Assistant, or Floor Manager. She is seen here in the centre with her arm raised to indicate the start of a scene. The Production Assistant is the vital link between the producer in his cubicle and the cast in the studio.

Below—
THE ACTORS' ANGLE: The artist has drawn his impression from one of the sets on which the cast perform. The four cameras seem to form a battery of staring eyes, and among them the microphone on its long arm will move from character to character as the producer requires. Behind, on the right, are the outlines of some of the large number of assistants who are required to put on a TV play.

THE NEW TV STUDIO IN MANCHESTER: In the producer's cubicle during the first show here are the producer, Barney Colehan (second from right), and his staff. The screens can be used for film recordings as well as for live transmissions.

On right—
OPENING THE NEW NORTHERN STUDIO: On the floor of the B.B.C. studio in Manchester during a rehearsal for its opening with a variety show is the Littlewoods Girls Choir at the back. Ken Frith is at the piano on the right. In the centre foreground Barney Colehan, the producer, talks with his staff and some of the technicians, while the dolly operator of the mobile camera discusses his positions with a colleague. The Manchester Studio, in Dickenson Road, Rusholme, was originally a church hall. It was used for TV in 1954, but was then closed for redesigning. A new floor has been laid, a control gallery added and accommodation provided for telefilm production. The building was reopened last week. It is the first and, at present, only television studio employed on a permanent basis outside London. It is classed as a general purposes studio, which means that programmes and shows of all kinds can be televised. The control cubicle looks straight down to the floor instead of being at right-angles to it.

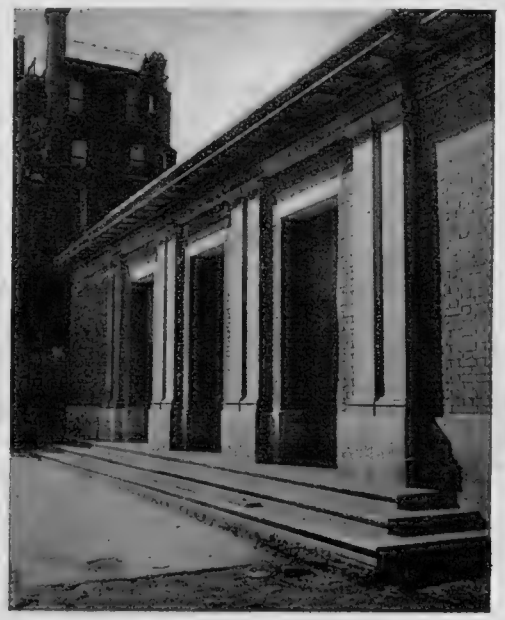
Memorials in Glass, Stone and Iron

To Queen Mary, the Guards and to a Bygone Age

On left—

A MEMORIAL TO QUEEN MARY: A stained-glass window (on left) in memory of the late Queen Mary has been installed in the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, the Chapel of the Royal Victorian Order. The window, the work of Miss Joan Howson, of Putney, includes the personal arms and supporters of Queen Mary, together with the Stars and Collars of the Orders of the Garter and the Star of India, the Royal Victorian Order and the Order of the British Empire. The panel also includes the arms of George III and those of the Houses of Württemberg, Hanover and Teck. These form part of the late Queen's personal arms, but are also shown separately. Underneath the lower centre section there is a memorial dedication to "Queen Mary, Devoted Wife and Mother, Beloved Queen, Friend of Her People, Patron of the Arts, With Dignity and Courage She Sustained the Monarchy."

THE GUARDS' WAR MEMORIAL CLOISTER: The cloister (on left) at Wellington Barracks, which is to be the memorial for all members of the Brigade of Guards killed in the war, is now nearing completion. On the right are the ruins of the Guards Chapel, which was destroyed by a flying-bomb during Sunday service on June 18, 1944. The new cloister, which is adjacent to Birdcage Walk, will contain Books of Remembrance enshrining the names of all those Guardsmen who lost their lives between 1939 and 1945. *On right*—The open side of the Memorial Cloister at Wellington Barracks, with work still in progress. Her Majesty the Queen is expected to attend the dedication of the cloister on May 28. In the background, left, can be seen the burnt-out shell of the old Guards Chapel. The three french casements will open on to a garden. The architect is Mr. H. S. Goodhart-Rendel, C.B.E., a Past President of the Royal Institute of British Architects.



AN HISTORIC PERGOLA IN DERBYSHIRE: The Ministry of Works has made a grant for the maintenance of the pergola at Melbourne Hall, in Derbyshire. It is one of the finest creations of the iron-smith Robert Bakewell, of Derby, and was erected between 1705-10. The rear portion is brick built and the front forms a square, with an opening in the forward face and site gates on either flank. The whole work is in wrought-iron bar, with scroll and leaf-work panels. Melbourne Hall is maintained by Lord Lothian chiefly as a showplace and attracts thousands of visitors each year. The house and grounds are open five days a week in summer.

THE RAVEN HAS A SENSE OF HUMOUR

But This Bird of Ill-Omen Which Has Increased Enormously and Re-Established itself During This Century, Has Some Regrettable Habits

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

FOR three weeks or so during this last winter a raven took up residence in south-west Surrey, in the narrow valley that runs from Bourne Mill past the ruins of Waverley Abbey to Sheephatch. No doubt it travelled much farther afield than this, for there were many days on which it was not seen at all, but this narrow little valley seemed to constitute its headquarters. It is not the sort of country in which one would expect to see a raven.

A hundred years ago, it is true, ravens did nest in south-west Surrey. But then, a hundred years ago, ravens nested in trees all over the country, even in East Anglia, where to-day they are rare visitors. Sir Thomas Browne, writing some 250 years ago about the ravens in Norfolk, said that they were "in great plenty near Norwich; and it is on this account that there are so few kites." And Stevenson in his *Birds of Norfolk*, written in 1829, said, "This bird is found in woods in every part of the county."

They were also common in Gilbert White's Selborne, and there, too, they nested in trees. Indeed, "the raven on the blasted oak" was once a common sight. How common anyone can guess, who has a proper knowledge of his own countryside and cares to count the "raven's clumps" and "raven's trees." They are dotted about all over England. Obviously, tree-nesting by ravens was once the usual thing. To-day, people get quite excited when they find a tree-nesting raven (though, in fact, they are not all that uncommon) and some even write to the papers about it.

It must be nigh on seventy years since a raven nested in East Anglia. There have always been ravens in the wildest parts of the west, of course, but even so, when I was a small boy in Wales, the raven was a rare bird. What caused such a sharp decline, I do not know. It certainly was not a lack of suitable nesting sites, and it certainly was not a lack of carrion. There has always been plenty of that about. Why then did it leave eastern England and become scarce even in the west? And why has it re-established itself in the west and south-west within the past thirty years or so?

To-day, it breeds in considerable numbers along the coast from the Isle of Wight to Cornwall, North Devon, Somerset and Gloucestershire. And it is now quite plentiful inland in North Devon and Somerset. It is once more a common bird in Wales, and has spread over the border into Herefordshire and Shropshire. And you will find it in increasing numbers all the way up the coast—in Cumberland, the Isle of Man, the West Coast of Scotland. It has increased enormously since I was a boy, especially in the south-west and in Wales, particularly in Wales.

Not only has it re-established itself, but, as with the buzzard, there is now perhaps a tendency to spread yet farther afield. Perhaps myxomatosis and the lack of rabbits has, as it certainly has with the buzzard, had something to do with this. But problems like this are beyond the scope of this article, if for no other reason than that they are quite beyond the scope of its author. I am content that there are now ravens where there were none forty years ago.

For, really, the raven is a very beautiful bird. You might not think so, seeing only a clipped-wing exhibit in the narrow confines of a cage in a zoo. You might then think that it is no more than a large, plain, black bird. And that is what the books say: "Plumage wholly black." But it is not true. The crown is, glossed with green, and many of the feathers are shot with purple, and blue, and copper. If you see a raven close to in sunlight, the whole bird shines and pulses with life. It is not the blackness that matters; it is the lights in the blackness.

And the raven is a very dignified bird. It is as stately and grave as a bishop, and its walk as deliberate and dignified.

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena
(And stalks in stately solitude along the dry sea-sand).

That is one of the best lines in all Vergil. It describes the raven to perfection. You would never guess seeing a raven thus, that it had a sense of humour. Maybe bishops have as well; but they certainly have not got the roguish gleam that is always present in the dark brown eye of the raven.

But, along with this beauty and dignity and sense of humour, go some habits, which we humans regard as rather regrettable. The fact is that the raven will eat absolutely anything. Indeed, you might think—did not Skeat state so definitely that it does not—that the word "ravenous" is derived from raven. Undoubtedly, carrion is the favourite: there is nothing a raven likes better than something that has been dead a good long time. But it cannot, of course, always wait for death. It will attack ailing sheep; it will attack and kill lambs (especially in mountain districts); it will kill such birds as the puffin; it is an egg-thief of very considerable ingenuity; it will take rats and voles, insects and grubs; and it has a taste for berries.

A HEN RAVEN AT ITS NEST: In his article Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald describes the raven as a very beautiful bird. The crown is glossed with green, and many of the feathers are shot with purple and blue and copper. *On right*—The raven is seen in flight.

Photographs by Eric Hosking

It is the liking for carrion and the habit of attacking and killing the weak and ill that has made the raven a bird of ill-omen. This belief is very ancient. Aristotle tells us that "about the time when the mercenaries under Medius were slaughtered at Pharsalus, the districts around Athens and the Peloponnese were left destitute of ravens; from which it would appear that these birds have some means of communicating with each other." And the Koran, incidentally, tells us that a raven was present at the very first of all murders, and showed Cain how to bury the body.

But it was the Vikings that brought the fear of the raven to Britain.

How is it with you, Ravens?
Whence are you come with gory beak
At dawning of the day?
You lodged last night, I ween,
Where you knew the corpses were lying.

The Vikings held the raven in higher regard than they held life. The raven was the device of Odin, the God of War, and a raven formed the banner common to all the Vikings. (Incidentally, William the Conqueror, descendant of Vikings, also had a raven standard, as the Bayeux Tapestry clearly shows.) Wherever the Vikings went, the raven went too. They would not suffer from lack of food. Those on the shore knew well what the approach of the raven standard meant: it is not surprising that the raven should have become a bird of ill-omen in Britain. Even as late as the 'twenties of this century, a Yorkshire mother was heard to threaten her wayward daughter with the raven instead of the more usual policeman: "the raven will get you."

English literature, remembering the Vikings, relying on visual testimony—the actual sight of the bird at work on a dead body—and ignoring the Biblical testimony altogether (for you will remember that the ravens by the Brook Cherith did Elijah many a good turn), is full of references to the raven as a bird of ill-omen. Personally, I find it difficult to think of the raven without thinking of it as "sad presaging," even though I know very well that it is all nonsense. Christopher Marlowe is responsible for this:

The sad presaging raven that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wing.

But it is not only in the *Jew of Malta* that you find that sort of thing. Caliban in Shakespeare's *The Tempest* curses Prospero and Miranda thus:

As wicked dew as ere my mother brushed
With raven's feather from the unwholesome fen
Drop on you both.

It is the Prince of Denmark who, in *Hamlet*, exclaims in triumph:

The croaking raven
doth bellow for revenge.

And it is Lady Macbeth who mutters on the approach of the King of Scotland:

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.

It is Othello, who whispers in agony:

O, it comes o'er my memory
As doth the raven o'er the infected house
Boding to all.

And you can find very much the same sort of thing in Greek and Roman literature, and in the medieval literature and in the folk-lore of almost all European countries other than the Scandinavian.

I suppose that in this enlightened age one would expect to find that this belief in the raven as a bird of ill-omen had died. But superstition dies hard.

There are still thousands of people who count the magpies as they drive their high-powered, streamlined, radio-fitted motor-cars along country roads; still thousands of people who bow to the new moon, blow a kiss to the sweep, and say "good morning" to a black cat. There are still plenty of people who believe that the sight of a raven on a tree is unlucky. You will find that:

That raven on the left-hand
oak,
Curse on his ill-betiding croak,
Bodes me no good,

as John Fay wrote in his *Fables*, is believed, if half-ashamedly, by many a country man and woman in Wales and Devon and Dorset.

Even so I had thought that the connection with death would have disappeared in this age of universal education, radio, cinema and television, even if only because the classics are not as well known as they used to be. Particularly should I have thought this to be so in Surrey, where the raven has been no more than a very rare visitor for more than half a century. Indeed, the vast majority of country people in this part of England (as in East Anglia) can never have seen a raven, and, therefore, would not, one would suppose, be familiar with the superstitions surrounding the bird.

But I was talking to the wife of a country labourer, a woman in the middle forties, about this raven in the Wey Valley. She did not know that it was a raven, but I described it to her. "Oh," she said, "you mean that great crow. Yes, I seen it. Sitting on a tree it was. That, she continued, "means death for someone."

The woman's little daughter was standing near by during the conversation. In forty years' time, possibly, that story of the raven will be repeated. Folk-lore, it seems, is deathless.

Malenkov on Tour

The Soviet Minister for Power Stations Smiles Round Britain

When it was announced that Mr. Malenkov would lead the Soviet delegation of technicians invited to Britain by the Central Electricity Authority, there was much speculation. It is the measure of Communist achievement that no free person can ever accept Soviet actions at their face value. It was suggested that the Russian Minister for Power Stations was coming to tour Britain as a kind of "pilot engine" for the visit of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev. Alternatively, it was said that others in the Soviet hierarchy wanted him out of the country for a while. This view gained credence when the attacks began in Russia on Stalin's memory, for Mr. Malenkov had been very close to him and was his immediate successor as Premier.

However, there was no doubt at all that once in Britain Malenkov was a resounding success. With his ready smile and his affability, he impressed almost everybody who met him. He carried out a most exhausting itinerary, covering many hundreds of miles and visiting atomic and electric power stations, factories, theatres and sporting events. He was banqueted prodigiously. He went to Canterbury and was entertained by the "Red Dean." To Alloway, in Scotland, he made a solemn pilgrimage to see the birthplace of Burns, whom he much admires, in common with all Soviet citizens.

He was always prepared with the right remark and a friendly manner. Perhaps in these lay the true reason for his visit. As regards the West, Moscow has temporarily called off the Cold War. Instead "competitive coexistence" is the order of the day. This means economic rivalry behind a façade of friendship. Like any capitalist businessman, the Kremlin realises it requires tip-top outdoor representatives. In this role Mr. Malenkov, during his three-weeks tour of Britain, set a very high standard.

GREETING THE "RED DEAN": At a reception in the Soviet Embassy in London, Mr. Malenkov shows his delight at meeting Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the Dean of Canterbury. Dr. Hewlett Johnson is well known for his Communist sympathies. A few days after this occasion, the Soviet Minister for Power Stations visited Canterbury Cathedral.

THE GIST OF THE MATTER: Mr. Jacob Malik, the Soviet Ambassador, explains to Mr. Malenkov the meaning of a question put to him during the Press conference held at the Soviet Embassy in London and attended by 300 journalists of many nations.

A MASTER OF PUBLIC RELATIONS: Surrounded by cameras, microphones and journalists at the Soviet Embassy, Mr. Malenkov answers questions with skill, but refuses to be drawn on the new Soviet view on Stalin.

AMONG THE WORKERS: In the canteen of the Braehead power station in Scotland, an interpreter leans forward to translate the conversation between Mr. Malenkov and one of the workers. During his tour of Britain the Soviet Minister carried out a wide and very varied itinerary.

A MOST SERIOUS MOMENT: An exhibit is examined in the birthplace of Burns at Alloway, in Ayrshire. Mr. Malenkov showed a profound interest in this shrine of the man regarded in Russia as the "Workers' Poet."

Fort Belvedere is a Home Again

Once the Residence of the Duke of Windsor, it Has Been Transformed as a Home for Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Lascelles

THE TRANSFORMED FORT BELVEDERE, NEAR SUNNINGDALE, BERKSHIRE, IS OPEN AGAIN AFTER STANDING EMPTY FOR NEARLY TWENTY YEARS : The new tenant of the Commissioners for Crown Lands is the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, younger son of the Princess Royal, who moved in with his family earlier this year. Fort Belvedere was once a home of the Duke of Windsor, and it was there that he signed the Instrument of Abdication in 1936. During the past year workmen have been transforming the building and making many alterations. A wing at the extreme end of the building, which represented about a third of the structure as it was when the Duke of Windsor lived there, has been demolished, but the original part remains. This section is believed to have been built as a watch-tower in 1750. The old octagonal inner hall is now painted in lilac and yellow and forms the centre of several brightly-decorated rooms. Altogether there are thirty rooms in the house.

THE FRONT OF FORT BELVEDERE : During the restoration work special attention was also paid to the gardens which were largely covered in weeds. These have now been cleared.

ON THE BATTLEMENTS : Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Lascelles are seen standing against one of the old cannons. The battlements are reached by way of a turreted staircase leading up from the hall. *On right*—This doorway leads from the drawing-room. In the dining-room three of the walls have murals by Oliver Carson.

THE CHIEF RESTORER AT WORK IN THE STUDIO AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: Mr. A. W. Lucas (left) is at work on the "Adoration of the Kings" by Botticelli. On the right of Mr. Lucas is Mr. J. Hargreave, an assistant restorer, working on a "Crucifixion" of the fourteenth century. He is using an electric hair dryer on the tempera paint.

PRESERVING THE NATION'S ART TREASURES

The Work of the Conservation Department of the National Gallery in Keeping London's Collection of Paintings in Good Condition

By A. W. LUCAS
Chief Restorer in the Conservation Department of the National Gallery

THE Conservation Department of the National Gallery differs primarily from a general restoration studio in that its main object is to preserve pictures, rather than merely to improve their visual surfaces. Although a great deal of time is spent in the National Gallery restoring painted surfaces of pictures, every effort is made to put them in a condition in which they will remain for a very long time. The use of tested methods and materials ensures that they will not only look good, but that their physical structure will be unimpaired.

Pictures, like most other things, deteriorate if left unattended for any length of time. Some pictures age slowly because the artist constructed them soundly. Van Eyck was one of these painters, and his works have mostly remained in remarkably good condition for over 500 years.

Other artists of certain periods in the past used unsound techniques, so that their pictures give constant trouble if not conserved. Rubens, although he was a superb paint technician, sometimes chose oak panels badly designed, so that if exposed to uneven weather conditions they crack.

Changing atmospheric conditions not only cause some panels to crack, but also result in the uneven expansion and contraction of what are the three main structural layers of most pictures—paint films, primings and supports. This causes the layers to break away from each other, so that paint blisters are formed. As a result, the paint is liable to fall off if not treated quickly.

It is the duty of one of the members of the National Gallery staff to spend one day a week inspecting pictures for physical changes which would cause damage if left unattended. Every picture in the Gallery, whether exhibited or not, is inspected once in about eight weeks, and a number of pictures in poor physical condition are inspected weekly. At the same time a card index of all pictures which require or have received any kind of attention is kept. In this way a case history of every picture is built up, and from the frequency of attention required, it becomes known which are in need of fundamental treatment.

Minor first-aid such as fixing down loose paint, or removing restrictions in a wooden panel to prevent cracking, is done as soon as possible within the Conservation Department. But where more complicated treatment is necessary the procedure is different.

The responsibility of making the decision to carry out complicated treatment on a great painting rests on a number of people. There is a board of Trustees composed now of eleven eminent men of widely differing qualifications. This Board is advised by a conservation report presented by the Director of the Gallery, Sir Philip Hendy. This report is made by a member of the Conservation Department jointly with one of the Deputy or Assistant Keepers, whose main task, apart from general administration, is scholarly research with a view to recording the histories of pictures and keeping the Gallery catalogues up to date.

A POINT OF DETAIL: This close-up picture shows Mr. Lucas's hand at work on the "Adoration of the Kings." Old darkened varnishes are replaced in the Conservation Department by new varnishes.

From the conservation report the Board makes the decision in front of the picture concerned, in the presence of the Director and an art historian. The chief restorer is present to give advice when necessary.

Usually the treatment proposed to the Board of Trustees is so obviously necessary that it is accepted by them without very much discussion. It might be that a poplar wood panel has become weak because dry rot has passed into the panel through wood-worm tunnelling, thus causing cavities just under the ground and paint film, and leaving them unsupported and in danger. The treatment proposed is to transfer the paint and ground to a new support.

This would be done by cutting away the old and rotten panel completely from the ground and paint film. First, this is stuck to a very strong but thin facing of tissue paper and silk, in order to support the ground and paint during treatment. When all the wooden panel has been removed from the back, the ground and paint are stuck down, face up, on to a semi-hard board, which does not crack with age because it is of an even structure of various fibres. When it has been ascertained that the ground has stuck securely to the new support, the facing of tissue-paper and silk is removed, and the picture surface is

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PRESERVING THE NATION'S ART TREASURES

A DISCUSSION: Mr. C. Gould (left), an assistant keeper, gives the benefit of his advice to Mr. Hargreave, working on the "Crucifixion" in the style of Orcagna.

MEASURING COLOUR: A tintometer is used to measure colour density on the work called "Mediterranean Sea Port," by the French painter of the eighteenth century, Claude Joseph Vernet. When a painting suffers from bad restoration in a previous era or from darkened varnish its reduced colour intensity causes it to lose perspective.

A NEW SUPPORT FOR AN OLD PAINTING: Mr. E. Packham (left) and Mr. L. C. Howards prepare the new support of honeycombed paper and hardboard which will replace an old worm-eaten panel.

RECORDING THE WORK: In the photographic studio Miss Clore records the condition of Constable's "Weymouth Bay" after the painting had been cleaned.

A DELICATE OPERATION TO REMOVE DIRT AND DISCOLOURING ON A BOTTICELLI: The chief restorer and author of the accompanying article, Mr. Lucas, works on Botticelli's "Assumption." By selecting solvents that do not affect the paint, old varnish can be removed on most pictures without damaging the original artist's paint.

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visible once more. The sticking and removing of facing spoils the old varnish, so that this, together with any old restorations, has to be removed and replaced with new restorations and varnish.

Another case might be where the old varnish had curled up in small flakes as it shrunk with age, but had stuck so well to the paint film beneath that it curled the paint up with it, pulling both loose from the ground. Such a varnish would cause serious damage if not removed in time.

Old varnishes were not always made from the best materials, so that they have darkened and become semi-opaque and discoloured with age. These faults in the old varnish distort the picture, often more than can be estimated until part of the painting is cleared of it. (The term "to clean a picture" refers to the removal of this discoloured varnish as well as surface dirt.)

The darkening of varnish reduces in tone the high lights more than the darks, making the picture look sombre and dead. When a varnish becomes semi-opaque, dark-coloured paints beneath appear lighter and greyer than they really are. And colour intensity is reduced, causing the picture to lose its depth of colour and perspective.

An old varnish becomes semi-opaque mainly because its surface breaks up, forming a rough surface which scatters light and gives the appearance of a grey haze. Old varnishes discolour brownish yellow, and this acts as a colour filter, changing the appearance of blues into greens, blue-greens into yellow-greens, blue-pinks into greys or grey-green; while yellow, yellow-green and orange to red appear to change relatively little. For these reasons pictures look brighter, bluer and more colourful after cleaning. This shocks some people who have known the picture in its yellow, darkened state, but they would find, after a little research, that a cleaned painting is nearer to nature than an uncleaned one.

Some people consider partial cleaning, that is leaving a thin film of yellow varnish over the picture, looks better and is safer. Whether to clean completely or partially may seem to be a question of individual taste, but this is not so. The original intentions of

THE NATIONAL GALLERY'S CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT AT WORK: In the foreground is Mr. A. W. Wilde, who is laying blisters on a panel by Girolamo Romani with an electrically-controlled heated spatula. Beyond him Mr. W. Percival-Prescott restores "Toilet of Venus" by Guido Reni. In the background an old panel is transferred.

DEALING WITH BLISTERS: A close-up showing Mr. Wilde blister-laying on an altar-piece painted in 1525 for a church in Brescia. He uses the heated spatula, together with wax resin cement as an adhesive for the blistered paint.

PAINTINGS OF EARLIER AGES ARE PRESERVED: *On left*—Miss Doreen Selbie, an assistant restorer, at work on a painting of the Venetian School of the seventeenth century. *On right*—Mr. Norman Bromelle with "The Magdalen," by Roger van der Weyden.

the artist who designed the picture should be considered. To leave an old layer of varnish that has discoloured by chance is to interfere with the original intention of the artist. In partial cleaning the light parts of the picture are usually cleaned more than the darker parts, thus upsetting the tone and colour values completely. It is not always possible to leave an even layer of old varnish, particularly where the painter has left coarse brush strokes or has produced an uneven paint surface.

With most pictures the old varnish can be removed without damaging the original paint, by selecting solvents that do not affect the paint. There are, however, some pictures which are impossible to clean properly because varnish was mixed with the paints, so that the solvent used to remove the varnish also attacks the paint. These paintings are best left alone or, at most, they have only their surface dirt removed and are given a new coat of varnish. Fortunately, there are not very many paintings such as these in the National Gallery as yet.

When pictures that are not in need of immediate treatment for their safety are chosen for cleaning for purely æsthetic reasons, there are two complications which have to be seriously considered.

One is whether the removal of the old discoloured varnish will expose æsthetically bad pieces of painting that had previously been subdued, for cleaning shows up good and bad qualities alike. Even the greatest artists have had their bad moments. Pictures have often been reattributed after cleaning, when the art historians could make a better assessment, some to greater artists, others to inferior.

The second complication is that some pictures have been roughly treated during earlier cleaning operations. Strong agents such as sand and caustic soda have been used in the past for cleaning pictures. These strong agents have skinned the picture surface all over, destroying subtle qualities. This is the most serious and difficult type of damage to restore. Usually when this has taken place the restorer has tried to hide his mischief by putting on a tinted varnish of a brownish-yellow colour.

The decision to clean pictures suffering from these two complaints sometimes needs considerable discussion between the Board of Trustees, the Director and the experts concerned. While the conservation condition report is being written small cleaning test "windows" are made in the old varnish, so that the real condition of the picture can be ascertained. If the Board decides

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A WORM-EATEN PANEL IS REPLACED : Transfer work in progress on a panel painting of " Virgin and Child " of the school of Duccio. The original panel of the thirteenth century is being removed, to be replaced by mummified hardboard with honeycombed paper between.

THE LABORATORIES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY PLAY THEIR PART IN THE CONSERVATION WORK : Miss Joyce Blesters of the Scientific Department analyses pigments in the Optics Room.

THE WORKS OF RESTORERS AND PAINTERS ARE EXAMINED : *On left*—Mr. Lucas uses a 30x binocular microscope to examine " Madonna and Child," by Morales. *On right*—Mr. Bromelle with Giovanni da Milano's " God the Father " on a poplar wood panel.

WORKING BY SPOTLIGHT : Mr. H. Blake, who is not a member of the National Gallery staff, uses this means of lighting for working on P. Mignard's 1691 picture of " Marquise de Seignelay and Children." This will be loaned to Lancaster House.

Preserving the Nation's Art Treasures

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against cleaning, the small cleaning tests are re-varnished with tinted varnish to match its surroundings, and the picture is put back either on exhibition or into store. This does not happen very often, as there are very few pictures of importance in such a poor condition.

When the proposed treatment has been passed by the Board the technical work is usually carried out by one of three craftsmen (or all three together on a very large picture). Part of this work consists of securing loose, flaking paint ; this is mostly done with a thermo-plastic cement made of a mixture of beeswax and dammar resin. This wax cement is melted on to the picture with an electrically-heated spatula controlled with a thermostat to keep any constant temperature within 2 deg. from 40 deg. C. to 100 deg. C.

The molten wax runs in through the natural age cracks ; where no cracks are present little holes may be made by piercing the paint with a fine needle. This allows the wax to flow under the paint, which is then pressed down with a cold spatula so that the cooling, setting cement sticks to the paint ground or support. On certain types of pictures wax cement is unsuitable and a weak solution of gelatine is used. This work is carried out through a very thin but strong tissue-paper, which is placed over the area of paint being treated, to hold in place any paint that might float up to the surface of the melted adhesive.

Relining is also carried out by the senior craftsman. This is necessary when the old canvas has rotted and become too weak to support the paint. The old canvas is then freed of dirt and stuck down on to a new canvas with wax cement. In the past " compo," which is a mixture of flour-paste, bone-glue and Venice turpentine, was used. But if this was badly made it tended to contract with age, compressing the canvas and paint into cup-shaped flakes. Removing this old " compo " is done by scraping with sharp knives, which is very tedious work.

After the picture has been cleaned of old varnish the old restorations are removed, because they have usually darkened and were badly executed, and cover large areas of well-preserved paint. These are discussed between the restorer and the art historian and are photographed before being removed. If there is any doubt as to whether the over-paint may originally have been done by the artist it is not removed. Normally the differences between restoration and the original paint show clearly if observed through a low-powered binocular microscope or in a photograph which has been taken in ultra-violet light. Sometimes X-ray and infra-red photographs are useful for recording purposes.

The new restorations are confined to the damages only and are made as accurately as possible, and render the damages invisible. In some countries a grey tone or texture of lines is used in the restoration so that the damages are visible and the viewer can see what is original and what is restoration. These types of restoration are, however, usually disturbing, if there are a lot of small damages, making them more important than they are worth. Accurate matching restoration is controlled by the original artist's work, where trick restoration depends on the restorer. Care is taken to use stable, permanent pigments in a non-discolouring paint medium, such as egg tempera. Oil paint tends to darken quickly and is not completely satisfactory for restoration work.

When the treatment is completed the picture is once more inspected by the Trustees to be passed for exhibition. The whole treatment is carefully recorded in writing and photographs in the conservation records ; probably the finest and most comprehensive museum records in the world. This record of treatment is kept safely so that a restorer several hundred years hence will know from it exactly what has been done to the picture and plan the necessary treatment with this information to assist him.

Conservation work is extremely interesting. As in many other occupations, a great deal of the work is tedious, and the concentration required is very trying on the nerves. But the artistic reward to the craftsmen responsible, and the pleasure their work gives to many future generations, make the task abundantly satisfying and worth-while.

DYNAMITE FOUND IN A MONASTERY: After a search of the Kykko Monastery, on the outskirts of Nicosia, a party from the Staffordshire Regiment hoist a safe into a truck. Inside the safe, which had been discovered walled up in the monastery, were fifty-three sticks of dynamite.

THE CYPRUS STORY

DYNAMITE AND DEMONSTRATIONS

Illegal Explosives; Protests Against Arrests; Archbishop Makarios in Exile

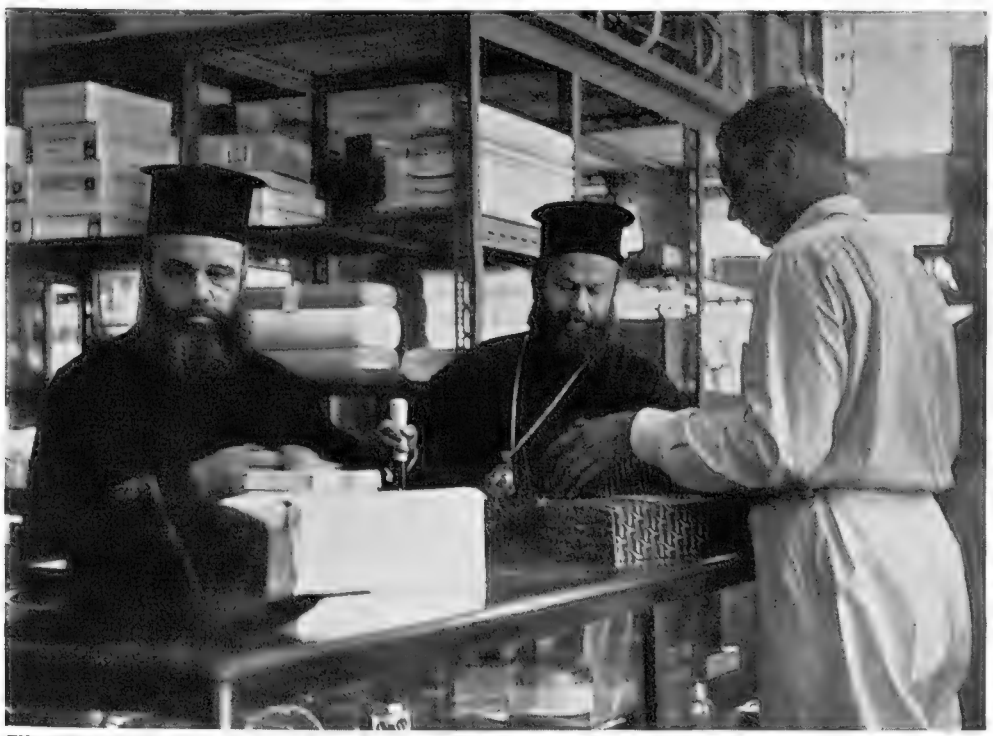
When troops were searching the monastery at Kykko, outside Nicosia, their mine detectors registered reactions to a blank wall. Behind the stones of the wall an old safe was discovered. This was taken away and when it was opened at the depot of the Royal Engineers, it was found to contain fifty-three sticks of dynamite, an empty dynamite tin and some documents. The monastery and its surrounding buildings were used as the headquarters of the Ethnarchy at the time the Archbishop's Palace in Nicosia was being searched after the deportation of Archbishop Makarios. The monks at the monastery, however, disclaim all knowledge of the existence of the safe. After the search seven men were detained, but none of them were priests.

The search for hidden arms and explosives continues to occupy much of the time of the Security Forces on the island. A wide range of buildings and places has been investigated. After a 2½-hour search of a bottling factory on the outskirts of the capital, two men were detained. In Limassol, Security Forces directed their attention to hotels and found a quantity of hidden shotgun ammunition.

Demonstrations by Cypriots also demand the watchful eyes of the troops. A protest parade was held outside the High Court in Nicosia when the hearing began of an application for Habeas Corpus on behalf of four detained men. They were members of the proscribed *Akel*, an extremely left-wing organisation.

BRITISH COUNSEL FOR CYPRIOT DETAINEES: Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., walks between Cypriot lawyers to the High Court in Nicosia. He had come to appear for four detainees who sought writs of Habeas Corpus.

A PROTEST PARADE: Banners protesting against the detention of the four Cypriots are carried outside the High Court on the day their case was opened. The detained men were members of a left-wing group.



THE CYPRIOT LEADERS IN EXILE: The Bishop of Kyprianos (centre, right) and a priest make a purchase in a shop in Mahé, the chief island in the Seychelles. They are two members of the party which was deported with Archbishop Makarios from Cyprus to the Seychelles last month. The exiles are rarely seen outside the grounds of Government House where they are lodged. *On right*—Archbishop Makarios stands on the verandah of Government House. This is one of the first pictures of him received in London since his arrival in the Seychelles. He is being kept in strict isolation. The grounds of the house are cordoned off with wire and the public has been instructed to keep away.

TO CHURCH THROUGH THE BARBED WIRE : Police examine the passes of some of the congregation going to one of the churches in Nicosia on the Western Easter Day. *On right*—A Roman Catholic priest stands by a barbed-wire barricade and contemplates his crucifix and rosary. Special arrangements were made to allow attendance at the Roman Catholic, the Maronite and the Armenian churches.

On right—

EASTER IN NICOSIA : Those coming into the capital from the outskirts to attend Easter services at the churches of the various communions have to pass a check-point. This year the Easter of the Western Churches (April 1) coincided with the first anniversary of the founding of the underground terrorist movement, Eoka. In the year twenty-five British servicemen have been killed in Cyprus, eight policemen and about twenty Cypriots. As if determined to mark their first birthday—even though it was the Western Easter—the terrorists shot dead a British civilian in the streets of Limassol, the first British civilian to be murdered by them.

THE CYPRUS STORY (Cont.)

Death Takes no Holiday at Easter

A Quiet Day in Nicosia, but a British Civilian is Murdered in Limassol

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR BUSINESS : An elderly "shoe-shine" boy enjoys a brisk trade in the Easter sunshine in the capital of Cyprus. He has taken advantage of the temporary lifting on restrictions which allowed people living outside Nicosia to come into the city for the day

THE EASTER CHECK-POINT IN METAXAS SQUARE : Police are stopping cars and pedestrians at the barbed-wire barricade in one of the central points of Nicosia. Although there was murder in Limassol and a number of British soldiers were wounded in Famagusta, the capital of Cyprus was surprisingly quiet on Easter Day. No incidents of any kind were reported there. Possibly Eoka on its first anniversary was unable to break through the restrictions imposed. Or possibly only the active members of Eoka wished to mark the occasion—they are said to number no more than 500 throughout Cyprus—and the outrage in Limassol required their available resources

TROOPS ON DONKEYS : Men of the 45th Regiment Royal Artillery ride donkeys to escort women in the village of Frenarios as they take fodder to their cattle. A curfew had been imposed after two British soldiers had been shot there.

Many of the inhabitants of Cyprus are members of the Eastern Orthodox Church. Therefore they do not keep Holy Week and Easter until later than the Western Churches. Thus, for many Cypriots the beginning of this month was not Easter. In fact, April 1 was a political date—being the first anniversary of the founding of the underground terrorist movement Eoka.

The authorities were prepared for trouble. In Nicosia their precautions led to a quiet week-end and members of the Western Communions were enabled to celebrate Easter in peace. But in Limassol a British civilian was murdered and elsewhere there was violence against members of the Security Forces.

A few days previously there was a particularly bad incident in the village of Frenarios, near Famagusta. Terrorists ambushed an army patrol car and a lieutenant and a private of the Leicestershire Regiment were killed by a storm of bullets from automatic weapons. Immediate action was taken against the village. A curfew was ordered, the finger-prints of all inhabitants were taken and a collective fine of £1,500 was imposed. Then after a day or two the curfew was raised and the fine waived. Although no reason was given for this clemency, it was reported that the inhabitants themselves had supplied information to the authorities.

OUTRAGE BY ARSON : A British officer inspects the ruins of a shop in Frenarios after it had been gutted by fire, believed to have been started deliberately. This incident occurred soon after a British officer and a private had been shot dead in the village.

A VILLAGE IS SUSPECT OF MURDER : *Left*—A policeman takes the finger-prints of a villager in Frenarios. Here all the inhabitants were rounded-up as a result of the ambushing and killing of two British soldiers by Eoka terrorists. *Right*—British troops and police stand by as villagers, old and young, wait to be finger-printed. For some days the village was under a curfew. It was also announced that a collective fine of £1,500 was being imposed. Then the curfew was lifted and it was stated that no fine would be levied. No explanation was given for this but it was believed that villagers had given information which might identify the killers.

TWO MONTHS OF WORLD MOTORING

A Review of Some of the Major Developments in the Industry, and Motoring Generally, during the Past Nine Weeks

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

ONE OF THREE NEW MODELS FROM FORDS: This is the Consul which, with the Zephyr and Zodiac, made its debut in February. The models are fashioned to the same general specification as their predecessors, but show all-round improvements.

MUCH has happened in the world of motoring since my last article appeared in THE SPHERE nine weeks ago. The queues of people waiting for new cars have vanished. They were washed away by a flood of cars diverted to the home market as export sales declined.

A buyers' market is back with us, and it is probably here to stay for a long time. The reluctance of motorists to buy cars during the dreary winter months combined with the Government's credit squeeze and other anti-inflationary measures to produce a pile-up of about 80,000 new cars in dealers' showrooms.

This unaccustomed situation, coupled with export setbacks which were more than just a seasonal manifestation, inevitably caused a number of firms to follow the lead of the Austin Motor Company in putting workpeople on short time.

They included Rootes, Standard, Daimler and Rover Firms other than those which assemble complete cars were also affected; companies like Fisher and Ludlow (bodybuilders), Lockheed and Dunlop. This is not surprising, of course. When the assembling firms get into trouble the ripples are bound to reach out and touch some at least of the scores of firms which supply parts for the big car companies.

To keep the present plight of the motor industry in its proper perspective it is necessary to remember that out of a total of about 500,000 people employed in the motor industry as a whole, fewer than 50,000 have been working short time. Very few men have been given their cards.

It really is an odd situation in which the motor industry finds itself. Here is the Government, obviously for very good economic reasons, doing everything it can to prevent the industry from selling cars in the home market at a time when home sales could be used to cushion the shock of a seasonal decline in overseas business.

It is largely because the Government will not let the industry use the home market as a shock absorber that factories have had to go on short time. This means less output in an industry geared to rising production schedules and committed to vast capital expenditure on expansion schemes.

Smaller output means higher production costs per unit. And even if this does not lead to higher prices it prevents our car manufacturers from lowering their prices to a more competitive level in difficult foreign markets. It 's a vicious circle all right, yet the Big Six are far from discouraged.

For instance, here is Sir William Rootes boldly stating he is confident his Group will sell more cars this year than last both at home and abroad. I personally think short-time working will soon be a thing of the past and that the industry will settle down to full-scale production for several months. There is a danger, though, that the traditional home sales slump after the summer peak and just before the Motor Show may arrive earlier than used to be the case. And it may be more severe.

That is why export markets are so important. While it is not true to say—as Mr. J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P., has said—that the motor industry has been paying too much regard to the needs of the home market, it certainly is true to say that in some countries some British car firms have fallen far short of the ideal in the matter of salesmanship and after-sales service, particularly in regard to the supply of spares.

Some, too, have paid scant attention to design improvements, including modern, artistic styling, in their mad scramble to build as many cars as they could in the last few years. They are now paying the penalty for this lack of foresight as Continental firms come up with designs which are tailor-made for certain markets, and which make certain British models look fussy, if not old-fashioned.

These are facts which cannot be stated too often in spite of complaints by our motor magnates that criticisms of their products in the British Press are quoted against British cars by their competitors. Instead of reacting so petulantly to honest, constructive criticism, our car chiefs should surely try to remove the reasons for those adverse comments. Their foreign sales would improve if they did.

It must have gone against the grain for the British Motor Corporation to put up the prices of all their different models by 7½ per cent. at a time when the Austin side of their car kingdom was on short time. But the increase could hardly be delayed following the award, earlier in March, of engineering wage increases ranging from 12s. 6d. a week for skilled workers to 9s. 6d. for unskilled men.

It was the first general B.M.C. price increase since early in 1952, for the Corporation then held its prices at a time when some of its competitors were putting their's up. The recent B.M.C. car price increases ranged from £36 (including tax) on the two-door Austin A30 to £96 on the Riley Pathfinder.

In contrast to the policy followed by Sir Leonard Lord's empire, the Standard Motor Company, the day after the B.M.C. announcement, froze the prices of all Standard and Triumph models until the middle of April, "to give assurance to our customers, distributors and dealers." But Mr. Alick Dick, Standard managing director, gave this warning: "If, when mid-April comes, it is found the level of sales is appreciably below the volume on which our price structure is based, then we shall have no alternative but to increase home market prices."

In spite of all their troubles and critics, the British motor industry remained in 1955 the world's leading exporter of cars and sold 130,000 more vehicles (cars and trucks) than Western Germany, her closest rival.

Here, for the record, are the export figures over the last three years of the three leading exporting countries:

		1955	1954	1953
U.K.	Cars	373,203	366,084	302,223
	C.V.	157,970	126,727	111,335
	Total	531,173	492,811	413,558
West Germany	Cars	319,878	230,972	137,889
	C.V.	84,083	67,150	39,604
	Total	403,961	298,122	177,493
U.S. (Est.) ..	Cars	215,000	173,312	154,45[illegible]
	C.V.	179,000	184,650	134,43[illegible]
	Total	394,000	357,962	288,89[illegible]

The most interesting and most disturbing thin about those figures as far as Britain is concerned i that while our 1955 car exports were 70,980 up o 1953 and 7,119 up on 1954, the German figure wa 181,989 up on 1953 and 88,906 up on 1954. In 195 Britain exported 164,334 more cars than Germany Last year the margin was down to 53,325.

It 's not only the Volkswagen firm British manufacturers are concerned about. Opel, Ford, Borgward Mercedes and D.K W. are all sharing in the prosperity of Germany's expanding automobile production.

One of the more cheering developments in the British motor industry of the last two months was the introduction of the three new Fords—the "Three Graces," as Dagenham has proudly called them.

They bear the name of Consul, Zephyr and Zodiac but they are, in effect, brand new models. They have, it is true, been fashioned to the same general specification as their predecessors, but they show big all-round improvements. They are more powerful, roomier and better-looking. And the prices have gone up.

Track and wheelbase have both been increased by 3 ins. and the cars are 3 ins. wider and 6 ins. longer. They are also nearly an inch lower and weight distribution has been beneficially changed. There is now 45 per cent. of the unladen weight at the back instead of only 40 per cent. in the old Zephyr, which suffered, as we all know, from tail "wag" and wheelspin.

The new Fords are much more stable at the back. There is, in fact, an all-round improvement in handling characteristics. The turning circle is smaller and the front brakes have been improved.

The engine capacity has been stepped up by 12½ per cent. in each case, the size now being: 4-cylinder unit, 1,703 cc.; 6-cylinder engine, 2,553 cc. Interior capacity of all three models is identical and they are now genuine six-seaters. In spite of the extra room the weight has gone up by only about 80 lb.

The Zodiac is, for the first time, something more than a de luxe version of the Zephyr; for it has a radiator grille of distinctive design. The tail treatment is different in all three models. Here are the prices: Consul £781 7s., including tax; Zephyr £871 7s.; Zodiac £968 17s.

While writing of the Ford Motor Company I would like to extend congratulations and good wishes to Sir Patrick Hennessy on his appointment as chairman in succession to Sir Rowland Smith.

SPORTING FOOTNOTE: There will be two of the new Sunbeam Rapier saloons in the Mille Miglia at the end of this month. This is the tough 1,000-miles race over open roads from Brescia, in the north of Italy, down the Adriatic coast, across the Apennines to Rome and back to Brescia by way of Florence and Bologna. Last year's race was won by Stirling Moss in a German Mercedes at the fantastic average speed of 97.9 m.p.h. The Rapier has an engine of only 1,390 cc., but I shouldn't be surprised if it *averages* close on 70 m.p.h. if it keeps going.

One of the Rapiers will be driven by Miss Sheila van Damm, Europe's champion woman rally driver for the past two years, and Mr. Peter Harper, experienced rally driver, who is a garage proprietor at Stevenage, Herts. The other Rapier is being entered by a German: a Munich motor agent and racing driver who will have another German as his navigator.

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-RACING MEETING OF THE BRITISH SEASON: The start of the Richmond Formula I race for the Glover Trophy at Goodwood, which was won by Stirling Moss (left No. 1) in a Maserati. His average speed was 94.35 m.p.h. The 32-lap race was the big event of the meeting, which was attended by some 60,000 spectators.

On right—

TRAGEDY MARS THE GOODWOOD MEETING: The overturned D-type Jaguar which came to grief in the first sports car race killing the driver, A. F. F. Dennis. In another race A. P. O. Rogers was killed when his Sun-Pat Special overturned. In the Richmond Trophy race J. M. Hawthorn escaped serious injury when his B.R.M. overturned.

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Around the Theatres

Some Current Productions on the London Stage

"THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS": Hugh Griffiths as General St. Pé and Beatrix Lehmann as his neurotic wife in a scene from the Jean Anouilh comedy at the Criterion Theatre. The play in Lucienne Hill's translation has transferred from the Arts Theatre Club to a public theatre. It is a blend of wit and cynicism, bitterness and pathos which goes far to allow the claim that it is the most mature of Jean Anouilh's work. Hugh Griffith in the leading role gives a fine performance as the ageing general with a stubborn reluctance to admit that he has left his subaltern days as the gay young seducer behind him. Peter Hall's direction has helped to bring success to a piece which enjoyed only a moderate run in Paris. The play was banned by the Lord Chamberlain for public performance as seen at the Arts, but was licensed after small changes had been made.

"THE MULBERRY BUSH": A full stage during a scene from Angus Wilson's new play at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square. Left to right are—Rachel Kempson, Helena Hughes, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Christopher Fettes, John Welsh and Kenneth Haigh. The production is greatly compressed and rearranged in comparison with the version seen previously at the Bristol Old Vic. It is a novelist's play with a theme full of acutely developed thought but without any violent dramatic upheavals. The comedy is sharp and witty but not asking for loud laughter. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is excellent as the old lady who continually creates discord with the best of intentions, and Agnes Lauchlan as the "refined" lady from the past is highly amusing.

TWO SCENES FROM "THE RIVALS": *Above, left*—John Clements as Sir Anthony Absolute, and Athene Seyler as Mrs. Malaprop in John Clements' production at the Saville Theatre. *Above Right*—Gwen Cherrell as Lydia Languish and Laurence Harvey as Jack Absolute in a scene from the same play. Because of the success of its performances John Clements' version of Sheridan's ever-popular play has extended its run until July 28. The production opened at the Saville Theatre on February 23. The cheerful old comedy is revived altogether delightfully with nothing overdone and nothing lost. Peter Rice's costumes in both colour and design are pleasingly elegant. There are very fine performances from John Clements, Laurence Harvey and Athene Seyler, with a good supporting cast.

"A LIKELY TALE"; GERALD SAVORY'S NEW COMEDY AT THE GLOBE THEATRE: Robert Morley transformed into his own son helps Margaret Rutherford with her knitting. *On left*—Robert Morley, Violet Farebrother, Richard Pearson and Margaret Rutherford await the summons from father in the room above. The likely tale is one of two old maids and their port-loving brother who pass their lives in the Wimbledon home of their father, waiting for him to die and leave them his fortune. The plot has many unlikely twists, but it provides Robert Morley with rich material for his highly individual style of comedy and Margaret Rutherford seizes all the chances that come her way especially the scene where the old lady movingly warns the pretty housemaid not to marry her unscrupulous nephew.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

INDIA REMEMBERED

A World of Beauty and Danger; Authors on the Land; Prelates and Ladies; A Caribbean Saga and other New Fiction

ANYONE who has lived, served or toured in India is at perfect liberty to write about their experiences there, and it sometimes seems that most of them do. Perhaps it is as well, for the discriminating—and persistent—reader can discover real treasures in the flood of information, speculation and fiction that is poured out, and *this* reader has just found one such jewel. It is a book by Miss Norah Burke, called JUNGLE CHILD (Cassell. 15s.), and if I am not greatly mistaken, it is a winner. The main reason for this is not that it presents the jungles and forests of Northern India from a fresh point of view, or that it is the record of a little girl's adventures in foreign parts. It is a book written in maturity that yet captures the candid, excited spirit of a child facing a world of extraordinary beauties and unusual dangers—and finding them the normal stuff of life.

"Mama, it 's a *tragedy* I 'm not a monkey," said a very young Miss Burke, and that kind of passionate identification is still another reason for this book's spell. The illustrations are from contemporary family photographs. My favourite is of a young and becomingly dressed woman, smiling into the sun, a long rifle across her knees and a dead tiger at her feet. The inimitable caption is simply: "Mother."

Mr. Louis Bromfield was an American author who lived for a long time in France and moved back to Ohio at the beginning of the Second World War. He lived there until his death last month and farmed there and made many experiments in the rehabilitation of worn-out soil. In his new volume of autobiography he tells us something of the pleasures and miseries of life on a farm. He also mentions the "weariness of Europe," which, in his programme, would include poor old England. FROM MY EXPERIENCE (Cassell. 21s.) includes chapters on pig-keeping, topsoil, weather and farm economy. It is nearly all about farming and it is highly practical. It is, nevertheless, the book of a practical *author*.

Mr. Geoffrey Willans' attitude towards the land is slightly different from Mr. Bromfield's, and not only in being English instead of American. Mr. Willans doesn't write—yet—with the authority of a best-seller, but he writes with real wit about a man who buys an old house and tries to make a living out of the land. In Mr. Willans' case the land that surrounded CRISIS COTTAGE (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) was only two acres. A brightly jacketed book had pointed out that a good living was to be made out of daffodils, shallots, snowdrops and garlic, even when grown on a small scale, and Mr. Willans was the man to take the suggestion at cover value. But he always seemed to be in Paris when the daffodils should have been marketed—or something. His horticultural career may not have been a sizzling success (although I should mention that this book is not strictly autobiographical), but he, too, is a born writer and, demonstrably, a very, very funny one.

The next two books are excursions into the seventeenth and fourteenth centuries respectively. THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LADY (Collins. 16s.), a misleadingly coy title, is Mr. Michael de la Bedoyère's story of Fenelon and that extraordinary woman, Madame Guyon, who, during the reign of Louis XIV, was once a close friend of his mistress and secret wife, Madame de Maintenon. Jeanne de la Motte Guyon was a young widow who considered herself on terms of mystical closeness to the Divine. She was persecuted as a heretic, reviled as a witch, but sustained throughout by the loyalty of Fenelon, the spiritual and learned priest who directed the education of the King's heirs. It was this controversy between Fenelon and the famous Bossuet which led to Fenelon's virtual trial on charges of unorthodoxy. It is a story of great spiritual and moral courage.

MARJORIE OF SCOTLAND (Chatto and Windus. 13s. 6d.), the heroine of Miss Pamela Hill's novel, was the daughter of Robert the Bruce and mother of Robert, first of the Stuart kings. Her life was a hard one; she rarely saw her father and lived for most of her short life as an outlaw and vagabond, often in flight, and finally captured and imprisoned by the English. When she was released after eight years she married her childhood friend Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, but lived for only a short time before she was killed in an accident. This is a tale of endurance, danger and toughness, and Miss Hill tells it with a

MR. AND MRS. ALDOUS HUXLEY: One of the most profound and significant writers in the English language is seen with his wife, formerly Miss Laura Archera, an Italian concert violinist, at their home in California. They married at Yuma last month. Mr. Huxley is sixty-one. His wife is forty. He was first married in 1919. His first wife, Maria Nys, died last year.

likeable simplicity which cannot disguise her own erudition or her sympathy with the chief character of her excellent historical reconstruction.

Miss Violet Alford has spent a lifetime in the research of traditional dances throughout Europe and her book, THE SINGING OF THE TRAVELS (Parrish. 17s. 6d.), is a record of some of her findings and a fascinating treatise—though that is too forbidding a term for her style—on the folk dramas, as well as the traditional dances. Miss Alford's journeyings for the purpose of this book took her through Spain, the Basque country, Provence and, rather unexpectedly, Switzerland.

The splendid surge of novels this week begins with Mr. Alec Waugh's Caribbean saga, ISLAND IN THE SUN (Cassell. 16s.), which in its three aspects of colonial politics, murder mystery and love-story is by far the best thing he has written and as effective and richly designed a story as anyone has written for quite a while. The island is imaginary and would be somewhere by Barbados and Trinidad. Sugar, rather than the tourist trade, is its main preoccupation and the colour question is not a problem on the scale of the Southern States or South Africa. The life, whether in Government House, on a sugar plantation or in a West Indian village, is easy, monotonous and geared to a slow *tempo*. Then comes a journalistic snake into this minor Eden and trouble starts. It is a long, full and varied book and I read its 550 pages with very real enjoyment.

JUDITH (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is the story of a child of a broken marriage; a young girl who lives in a world of fantasy where her chilly, highbrow mother depends on her and admires her, and her father, whom she comes to know for the first time in her teens, is a constant and loving companion. The cold facts are different and Miss Noel Streatfeild's sensitive and deeply felt novel is an account of the long and painful adjustment that Judith must make to life.

Mrs. Kate Christie, author of that remarkable novel, *Smith*, has written another that is in a sense a sequel, but that is very capable of standing on its own separate merits. HAROLD IN LONDON (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is concerned with the further fortunes of a character from the earlier book, Harold Crane, an ex-Major who has been a Cumberland landlord, a J.P. and, as he puts it: "What is more, I used to read the lessons in church." Now he comes to London determined to break with his old associations and ties, but finds that his active sense of responsibility draws him into yet more relationships. Subtly and perceptively written in a highly individual style.

The writings of Mr. Gwyn Thomas also belong to the highly individual class. POINT OF ORDER (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is his latest novel, and it illustrates all his qualities of humour and lustiness and originality, as well as anything that has come from his pen. To many readers it will also be quite overwhelming.

THE BABY AND THE BATTLESHIP (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.) is fun of a different kind, for Mr. Anthony Thorne's light-hearted novel relates the adventures of two English sailors, one Pinchy and one Lofty, on shore leave from their ship in Naples, who find themselves landed with a small baby and take it on board disguised as a bottle of wine. Mr. Thorn knows enough about babies to turn in a very creditable one here, but his triumph lies in the scenes below deck in the mess, in the galley or in the foretop. Highly amusing stuff.

Briefly, I will mention three of this week's out standing crime stories. These are OLD HALL, NEW HALL (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Michael Innes which deals with some of the vagaries of the staff of a North Country university. Not by any means a thriller, but ingenious and sometimes amusing. THE SILENT POOL (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is a new and exciting episode in the career of Miss Silver that indestructible (I hope!) lady who knits away and sleuths away to the detriment of murderers and evil-doing generally. This is one of Miss Patricia Wentworth's best. THE LAST ENEMY (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is very gloomy indeed, but it has an almost compulsive readability. Mr. Berton Roueché has written about a young man wrongly suspected of murder and of the deterioration of his mind and character under the pressure.

SPORT FROM THE INSIDE

An American Journalist Looks Back Over Fifty Years

At a time when some sections of sport are under the threat of falling into disrepute, not least professional boxing, much interest attaches to the frank but unembittered reminiscences of a sportswriter of the fame and standing of the late Grantland Rice, an American columnist. For half a century he watched golfers, boxers, lawn tennis players and the whole pack of hangers-on, and became a veritable walking encyclopædia of sport. In THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING (Cassell. 18s.), which Grantland Rice completed only three weeks before he died, there is a fund of stories about such stars as Bobby Jones, Jack Dempsey, Big Bill Tilden, Babe Ruth, Gene Tunney and Ben Hogan.

Often the picture is deeply disturbing and the worst suspicions of the public are confirmed. The thought that the result of a baseball World Series had been decided in advance by the betting fraternity in order to line their pockets at the public expense is no doubt almost as shocking to Americans as would be the news to an Englishman or an Australian that the next Test series had been well and truly "fixed." This is apparently what happened, however, in 1919 when Cincinnati met the Chicago White Sox, thereafter widely known as the Black Sox. No fewer than eight Chicago players sold out to the gamblers. Less alarming, but quite an eye-opener to those of us who remain rather naïve about these things, were the promotional activities of Tex Rickard and Mike Jacobs, who both commanded the sort of technique that would bring the fight fans storming the gates. They were the giants of the pre-television era.

The Tumult and the Shouting, despite the disillusion that it will bring to some and the confirmation to others of fears long held, is a most readable and entertaining book, with the writer's own character emerging most clearly of all. Grantland Rice was a man of great charm and humility, and his services to sport will not be forgotten quickly.

Dennis Bardens, author, journalist, and broadcaster, has tackled an immensely difficult task in presenting the personal life-story of Sir Anthony Eden at the end of the first year of his premiership. PORTRAIT OF A STATESMAN (Frederick Muller. 21s.) has been written with care; the most painfully obvious care at some stages, one would venture to say. Mr. Bardens, in his desire to be just and fair, has skated delicately across the thinnest of ice, and the result is a rather fragile portrait, strengthened only by the firmly-drawn background of Eden's early life in the home of his picturesque and eccentric father, and the delineation of Eden's wartime chief, Churchill.

The result of this biographical presentation is, if anything, to make Eden an even more shadowy figure. The author so rightly remarks that he remains one of the best-known yet least understood men in the world. Hardly anywhere would he escape recognition, yet most people asked to list his positive achievements would find themselves in considerable difficulty. In his final chapter Mr. Bardens makes it plain that the task has eluded him. But the attempt he has made has been both sincere and courageous.

That Hadrian's Wall, built to keep out the barbarians of Caledonia, is no longer either a pressing necessity or an effective barrier is now fairly widely recognised. But it remains an object of fascinating antiquarian interest, an obvious "must" for the walker who wishes to see one of the great surviving wonders of Roman Britain. David Harrison presents the record of such a journey and the fruit of much research in his book ALONG HADRIAN'S WALL (Cassell. 18s.). He not only gives an impressive historical account of the wall, how it was built, how it was manned and how it served its purpose, but describes in detail the path he took in the footsteps of such great antiquaries as John Leland, who surveyed the wall for Henry VIII, and William Camden, Headmaster of Westminster in the reign of Elizabeth I.

MAN IN THE BEGINNING (Bell. 18s. 6d.) is concerned with that most interesting of all subjects, ourselves. It is a biography of the human race from its beginning to the time of the Greek and Roman civilisations. Dr. H. William Howells, Professor of Anthropology at the University of Wisconsin, has written a most scholarly and readable work, and there are some admirable line-drawings to assist the text.

One of the great women of the Victorian era was Mabel Digby, who rose to become Superior-General of the Society of the Sacred Heart. She was a pioneer in many fields at a time when women, trying to do useful and vital tasks, were regarded with distrust and suspicion. Mother M. K. Richardson's biography MABEL DIGBY (Longmans. 16s. 6d.) is written with fervour and sincerity, telling us much about the development of a very real and noble character.

HERE 'S TO THE NEXT TIME (Odhams. 15s.) is the autobiography of Henry Hall, an outstanding figure in the glittering world of show business. Mr. Hall reveals how he slipped unobtrusively into fame. We can perceive how that same modesty of manner, coupled with real talent, has helped him to remain near the centre of the limelight.

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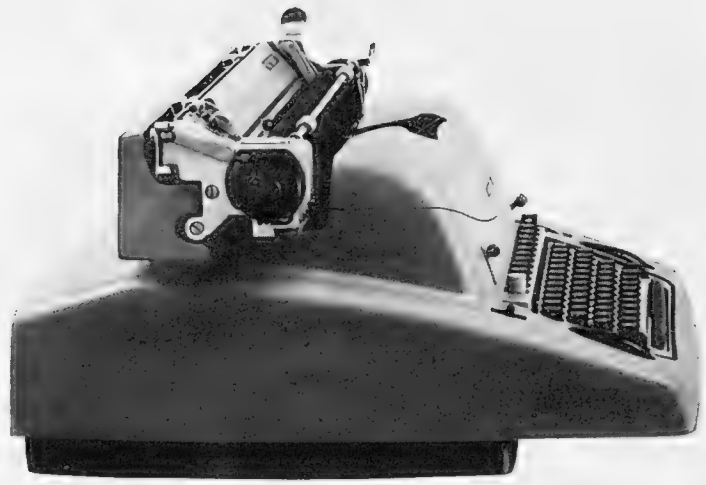

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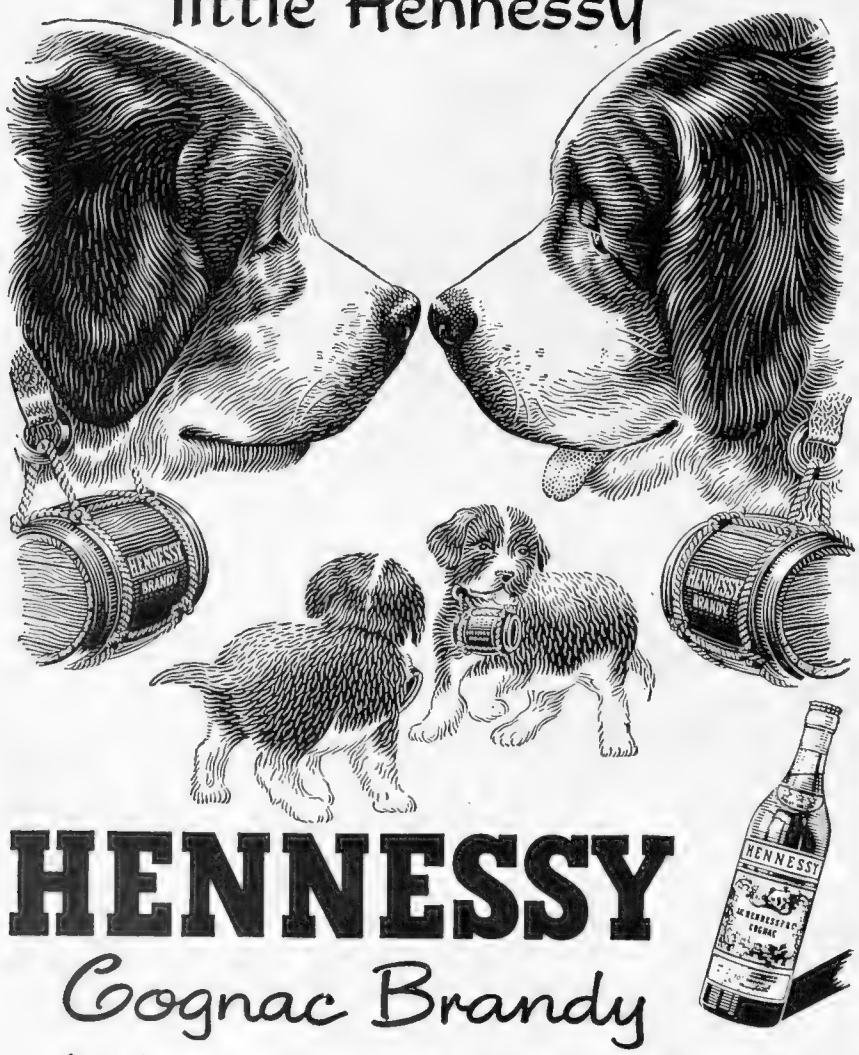

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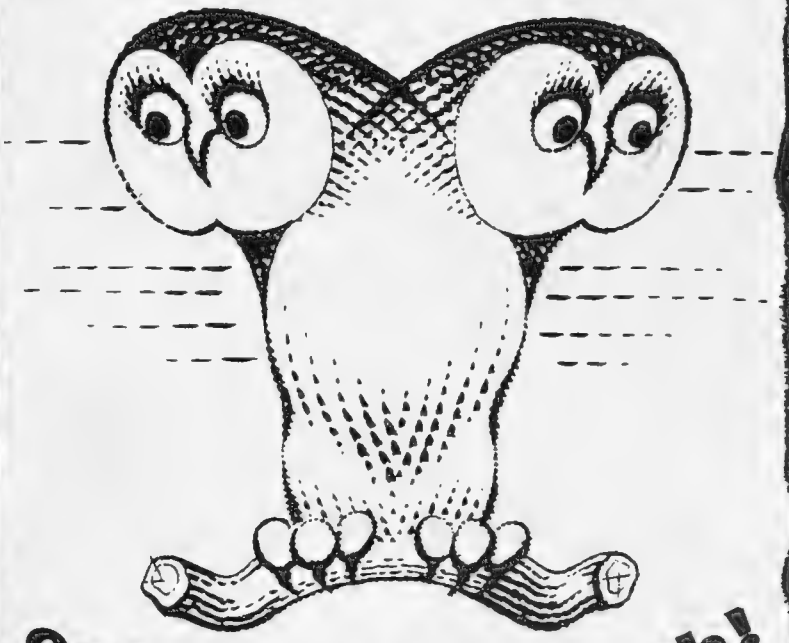

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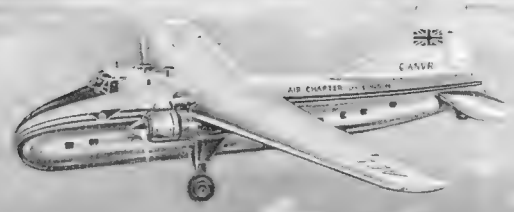

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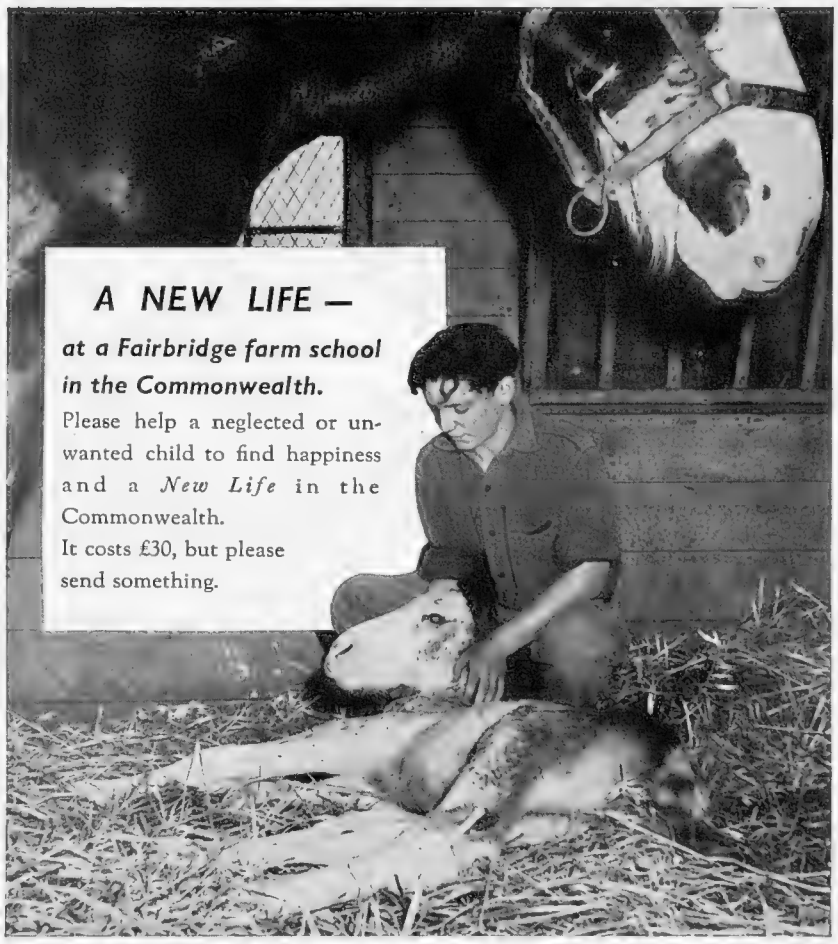

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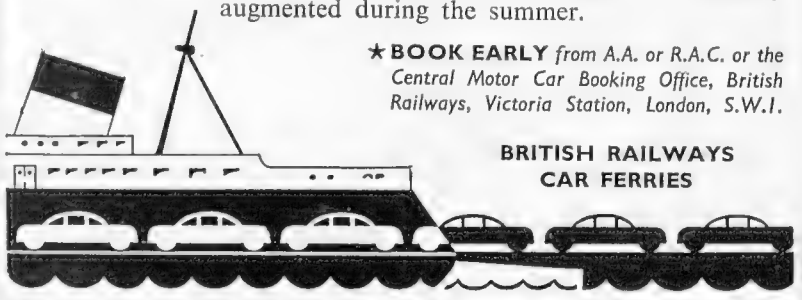

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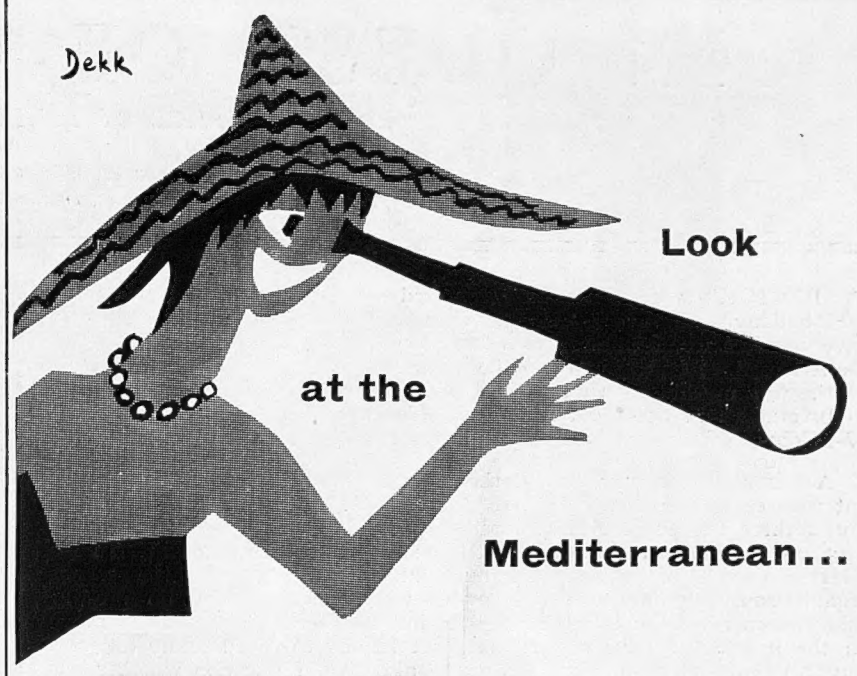

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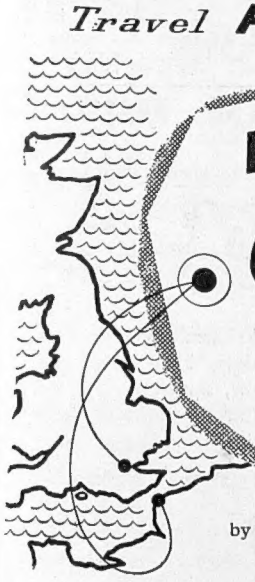

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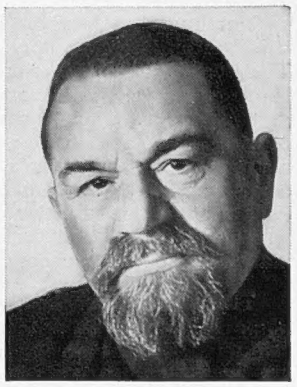

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ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

A RECTOR'S wife in Sussex has asked for the outline of a motoring holiday. She wrote "Could you please plan a tour from Sussex to Inverness? I would like to avoid large towns as much as possible and also the A.1 road. I had thought of the Derbyshire Dales and Yorkshire Moors on the way up and then on to Fort William and up the Caledonian Canal to Inverness and home via Aberdeen. The time allowed would be about 17–21 days and our aim is to stay a day or two in one place if we like it."

A formidable inquiry, but at the same time a pleasurable one to work out with each day getting lighter. First of all, let me say how invaluable my faithful friends, the A.A. Roadbooks of England and Wales and of Scotland, have been to me. Without them I tremble at the thought. I hope "Mrs. Rector" that you or your husband are a member of this excellent organisation, the only one I know of which still operates on pre-war subscription rates. It is quite possible that the A.A. experts could improve on the itinerary I have worked out, but having travelled many different ways to Scotland from Sussex, where I also live, I question whether one could better the following run.

With Horsham as a starting base, and acting on the theory that on the first days of a motoring holiday one is freshest and anxious to cover a reasonable mileage, my first leg is as follows (the number in brackets is the itinerary number in the A.A. Roadbook of England and Wales): Horsham–Basingstoke (Route 80), Basingstoke–Newbury (Route 185) and Newbury–Burford (part of Route 218), a 96-mile run. What more admirable spot for a rest from driving and to stretch one's legs could there be than unspoilt Burford, coupled with the surety of an excellent lunch at one of Britain's most famous inns, The Lamb, in Sheepwash Street? Refreshed and in an agreeable mood, we then continue (Route 218) to Stow-on-the-Wold and on to Warwick (Route 234). This 37-mile stretch is then followed by another 33 miles from Warwick to Lichfield (Route 234), where a breather and a cup of tea with a quick look at the Cathedral is catered for at The Angel Croft Hotel. Now we take the road to Ashbourne (part of Route 601), five miles north of which we divert to The Peveril of The Peak Hotel, a Trust House, or The Izaak Walton Hotel, both in Dovedale.

The second day opens with a fast 18-mile run to Buxton, and then follows on to Bradford (Route 630) for 47 miles. Admittedly, the latter part of this is industrial, but it is much better than it sounds and it is the quickest and most direct line to Wharfedale, in the Yorkshire Dales, where the reward is great. Bradford–Hexham (Route 741), 119 miles, is surely one of the most enchanting runs in this A.A. Roadbook. To absorb the beauty of the moorland scenery, a halt for the night should be considered somewhere on the line of route according to the mood and the hour; but lunch must first be planned, and I suggest The Devonshire Arms at Bolton Abbey, providing time to walk around the Abbey ruins. That means an 84-mile run from Dovedale. Spaced out along the route onwards are a number of pleasant small hotels for the night, such as The Red Lion at Burnsall, 25 miles on, or The Race Horses at Kettlewell (34 miles), but the one I look forward to sample is the small Wensleydale Heifer at West Witton (51 miles). Being a hilly, winding road, it is as well to restrict the total mileage on this second day to the 108 miles from Dovedale to West Witton.

On the third and final day before crossing the Scottish Border moorland roads will still predominate. Continuing on Route 741 one passes through Reeth, Barnard Castle and Blanchland to Hexham. Be sure to halt awhile in Blanchland, one of the most fascinating villages in England, where will be found a delightful small hotel, The Lord Crewe Arms. This is one of The Swallow Group of hotels that are conveniently dotted around Northumberland and Durham. Indeed, if you make a reasonably early start, you should be able to make another Swallow hotel, The Percy Arms at Otterburn, your objective for lunch.

West Witton to Hexham is 69 miles, and Hexham to Edinburgh, via Carter Bar, is 94, a total of 163; my advice to the Scottish-bound motorist is not to attempt to make Scotland's capital for the third night, but to rest and relax in the quietude of the countryside and so be fresh to appreciate the many-sided attractions of Edinburgh the following day.

Fortunately, there are a trio of excellent hotels between Carter Bar and the capital where to stay is always a pleasurable experience. The first is The George and Abbotsford at Melrose, 37 miles south of Edinburgh. This is one of the latest developments in the Swallow Hotel group. Once a rather derelict, down-at-heel coaching inn, Vaux and Associated Breweries, sponsors of Swallow Hotels, have gutted, redesigned and refurnished this inn in such a way that to-day it is a show-piece in the heart of the Sir Walter Scott country. My second choice for "Mr. and Mrs. Rector" and others is The Carfraemill Inn at Carfraemill (23 miles before Edinburgh). The wilder the weather without, the cosier this inn is within. Only eleven bedrooms, so make sure of your accommodation in advance.

The third of the trio is Johnstownburn at Humbie, the lovely Scottish home of Colonel and Mrs. Crookshank, dating back to the seventeenth century. Run as an hotel (the owners do not intrude), American visitors are fascinated to dwell in such manorial comfort. The entrance gates are to be found on that road to Haddington which lies off the A.68. (London to Edinburgh.) No more leisured spot could one find prior to crossing the city boundaries of Edinburgh the following day.

Next time I will plan "Mrs. Rector's" tour of Scotland and the homeward trip. Meanwhile, it may interest her and other readers to know that while the direct route from Horsham to Edinburgh via London and the A.1 would be about 415 miles, my itinerary is barely 40 miles more, avoiding London, the A.1 and the noisiness of industrialism.

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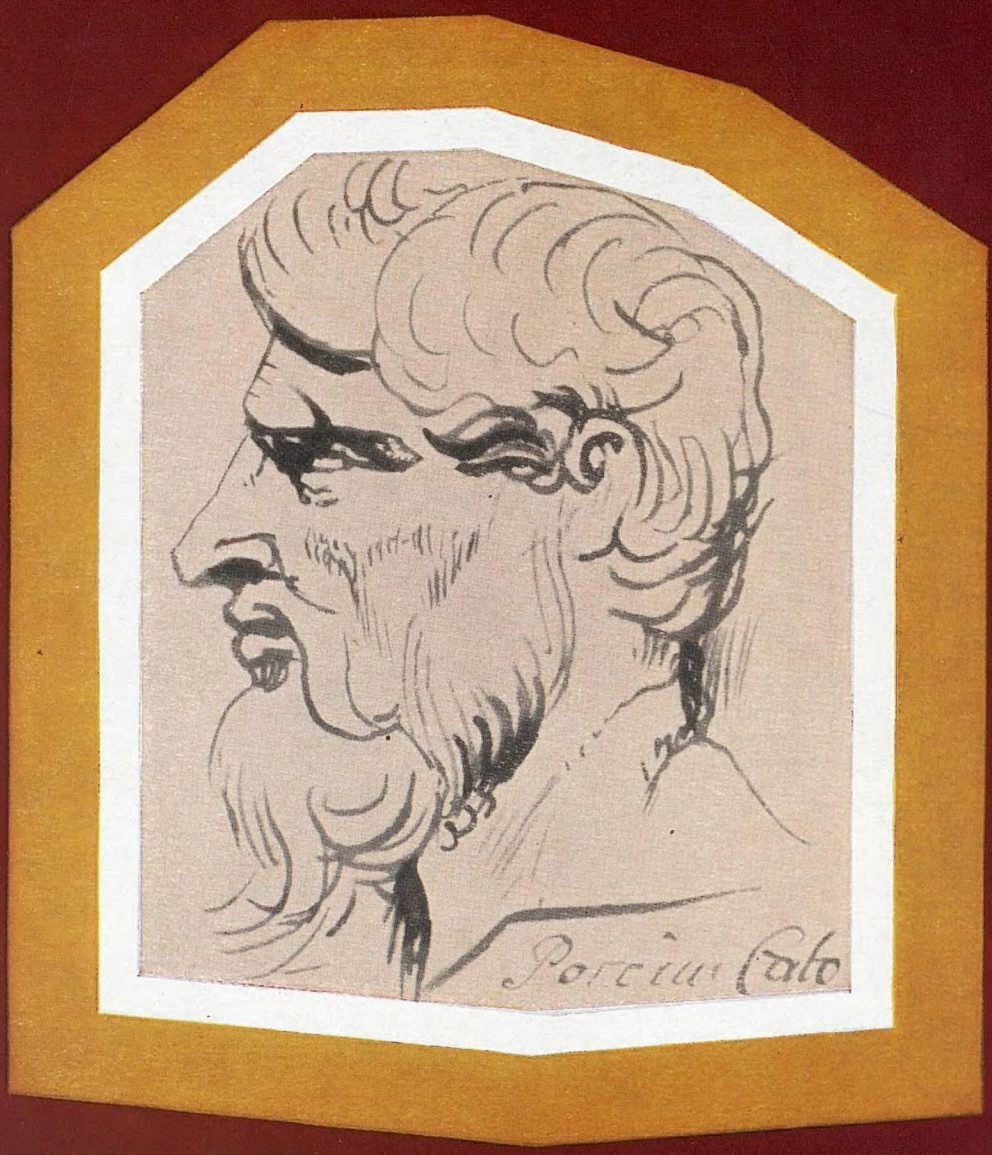

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An enlargement of a Rubens sketch (perhaps from a medal) in the British Museum.

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